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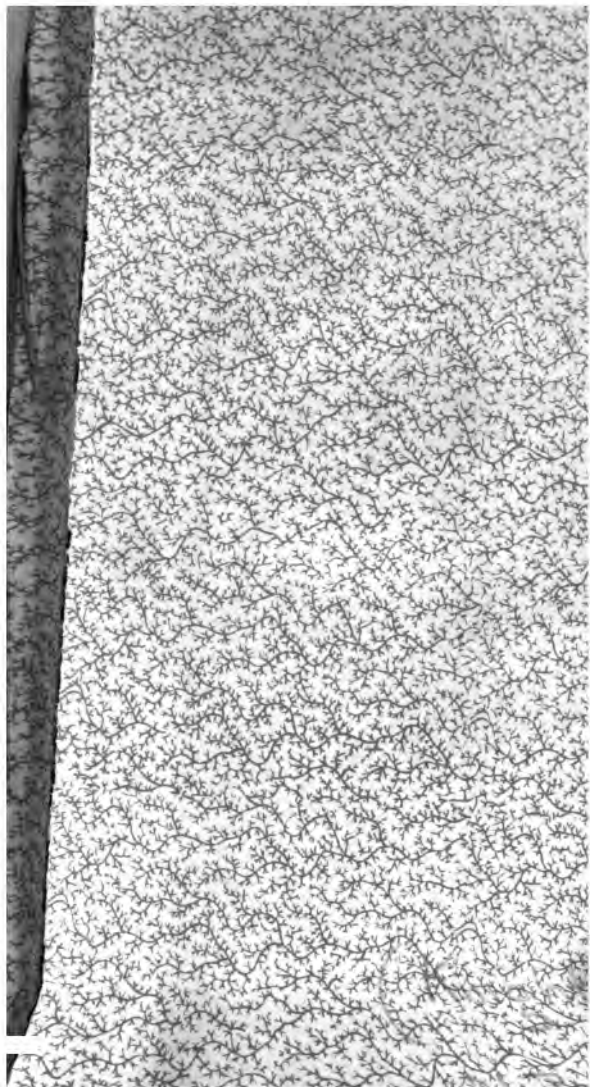


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THE BROKEN HARP.

WILLIAM
CLARK
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THE
BROKEN HARP;

POEMS.

BY H. C. KNIGHT.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY J. CONRAD AND CO.
1815.

ANDY WOOD
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A FRAGMENT.

..... THE rising beams, and the breath of roses awoke me. The Sun was kissing the tears from the blossoms, which gradually unbosomed their sweets to his smiles. My nerves were thrilled with pleasurable sensations. Confused, I found myself a fugitive from the haunts of men. My spirit had elapsed into a wilderness of bliss. When fain to escape, I was bound by a most delightful spell. I was on the sunny slope of a hill, on whose brow, among venerable trees, arose a rustic fane, which opened to the god of day. Above the dome hovered a glory of insufferable splendour, whose rays vibrated living harmony. Within, were treasured busts of the departed sons of song. The arbours, that shed perfumes around the hill, were each an aviary of symphony—each spray shook its dew as it nodded beneath the warblings of love. The soul was tossed delirious on the undulations of sound. At glimpses, I could see something white gliding among the trees. On looking up near the temple, kneeling beside a new-made grave, was a pale, but beautiful form, in the pensive eloquence of prayer.—At a distance, near a cavern, stalking with a sullen dejection, and oft pausing in a wild delirium of purpose, was one—my blood ran chill—for, on turning to the sun, flashed the point of a dagger through the folds of her robe.—A little in the vale was one bending a vine, and expressing to her lips a bleeding grape; while another, short and grotesque, with a quaint contortion of feature, was stealing behind to slide a nettle into her bosom.—Near the marge of a fountain, sat a lovely shepherdess, piping to a pet lambkin that was leaning its head in her lap, while

an echo from a listening swain sighed at the faded gleamings of hope.—Another young thing floated along, panting with the bloom of desire, and heedless of her loosening zone, and the toying of the breeze that now and then wafted aside the borders of her gossamery robe; her little winged boy was pursuing her—both affrighted from their endearments by the stirring of the leaves of the white hawthorn.—As I drew near a bower, two nymphs, in a pranksome mood, seemed inclined to approach me, holding out some beautiful flowers. I ran timidly towards them, when—away they darted, and in a twinkling I could see them peeping through the boughs, and tittering at my suffusion. One, in her hurry, dropped from her bosom a bunch of blue-bells; but, before I could gather them up, their essence was nearly gone. As often as I attempted to ascend the hill, and steal a nectarine, or a wild-briar—away was I twirled, bringing the leaves and the stems. The rind of many of the trees was covered with little fragments of songs—but in peeling some off I most woefully tore them. I had plucked a few sprigs of cypress and of myrtle, and cut up some thistles and burs; but, while doing this, I could see the syrens smiling at each other, and whispering, when I pulled up the weeds with my flowers—but I was simple, and thought, in sooth, they were all flowers.—Looking down to snap away a wild-bee that was rifling one of my bells, I chanced to trip in the wire-grass—it rung as I fell!—O Death, I had broken it!—yet I clasped it to my heart, and bore it in triumph away. My friends called it a silly bauble, and fain had snapped the remaining strings—but, oftentimes, when my heart was bleeding, and I knew not where to turn—has this **BROKEN HARP**, like the soothings of a friend, hushed the flutterings of anxiety, and awakened the pulsations of hope.

THE BROKEN HARP.

1

1

THE BROKEN HARP.

EARL KANDORF AND ROSABELLE.

A HARPER'S TALE.

PROLOGUE.

As the mossgrown foot of a lonely oak,
Like age, long spar'd the felling stroke,
Sate the Minstrel, old and gray.
His faithful dog beside him lay,
And, wistful looking in his face, he seem'd to say,
Though all the world forsake thee, Shag will stay,
And lead thee, gentle master, all thy pilgrim way.
From his shaggy white pile he took his name,
Of little worth for watch, or game,
Yet constancy has friends, though simpleton to fame.
The moonbeams silver'd o'er the village green,
And wrapt the heavenward spire,
That through the tufted-trees was seen,
In sheen,
As it were sheath'd in sheets of paly fire.
Above—the arch'd, cerulean sky,
Such spangled draperies did unfold,
That, to the reaching eye,

It look'd one gorgeous, godlike canopy,
Bedropt with stars like twinkling gems of gold.
In pensive robes the landscape was bedight,
But to the aged Harper day was night,
And let the moon set, or let the moon rise,
It was all the same to Mellodin's eyes,
For time had well nigh quench'd his visual light.
Now listless musing legends past, his harp he strook,
While his trilling fingers quavering shook,
And wak'd a feeble note—then thrumming o'er the strings
again,
His soul caught fire, and, rapt, he swept a manlier strain.
Not play to the air did the Harper gray.
'Twas the long-wish'd Eve of a Holyday,
And youths were there, and maidens gay,
For whom Mellodin harp'd his sorrow-moving lay.
Around the garland May-pole did they dance,
And fairy shadows mimic prance,
And youths shoot forth the melting glance,
And bashful maidens eye askance,
Sweet interchange of heart, in lovers' slow advance!
It were a cheerly sight to see
Such innocent hilarity.
But sooth to speak, the minstrel's art,
Sunk soft vibrations to the heart,
And gay although they came, not gay they did depart;
For oft they raised the kerchief high,
To brush the tear that dimm'd the eye,—
And oft the gentler bosom breath'd a sigh,
When thrill'd a chord that wak'd to sympathy.
A Tale it was of old romantic love,
And little reck I, if it move
One native feeling to approve,

Should Reason shake his snowy head,
And Apathy forbear to read.
The Harper learnt it in his youth,
And told it for a tale of truth;
Though his wavering pause, and brow, would oft declare,
That many a better part was vanish'd into air.
Now list the Lyre:—

Earl Kandorf and Rosabelle.

'Tis Autumn, and September Even;
Black clouds athwart the expanse are driven;
The moon is blotted from the brow of Heaven.
Dimly in distance is the night-bird soaring;
And, west, see sheeted lightning flame-flashing!
Hear loud the volleying thunders roaring;
And, hark—o'er the Falls the flood down-dashing!
The vista is shrowded in dim disguise,
Yon peasant boy fast to his cottage hies;
Speed, little cottier, from the rain,
For the torrents rush amain,
Own Death-Peak Craggs that beetle o'er the surging;
The pealing thunder louder roars,
And faster down the torrent pours,
And the flashes that fly,
From the cloud-mantled sky,
Bewilder the eye,
And the winds pipe aloud their funereal dirging!
The wild-orake on the heath is drown'd,
The owlet hoots a boding sound,
And all around,
'Tis dark profound,
Save when the lurid lightning streams;

And from the low-thatch'd Cottage on the Moor,
Where humble peasants dwell secure,
And calm Content is blest, though poor,
A timorous taper feebly gleams.

*Now were it meet to linger here,
I might tell that the rivetted throng were storm beguil'd,
And momentarily look'd for the moon, then smil'd,
For the moon shone clear.*

I spake of the Cottage that skirts on the Moor,
Scarce discern'd by the bickering light.
Now who is She walks near the cottage door,
For she looks in heedless wo bedight?
And gone from home is the rustic boor,
And his dame ~~that~~ was—is now no more,
And gone are his daughters to visit their kin,
Or Pity had welcom'd the maid within.
But, alas! a little dark-hair'd boy is there alone,
So affrighted, he stands like a burial-stone,
To tell that his sire, and sisters are gone!
Why stays she gazing o'er the heath,
As if she were courting early death?
Why suffers she the winds to dishevel her hair,
And the cold rain to beat on her temples bare?
Oh! if you knew her, scarce would Envy smile,
But Pity would gaze, and weep the while.
To pencil her—it pains the Muse,
For her soul is steep'd in Sorrow's dews.
'Twere hard the purpose of her mind to reach,
So incoherent is her speech,
So void of thought her air;

Yet oft, from broken words, we glean she syllables a prayer,
But be it one, or not, one name is always there.
She laughs when she should weep, and weeps she knows
not why;

Smiles play upon her lips, when tears lurk in her eye;
Wo shades her dreary mind—far happier might she die!

For the world to her is a troublous scene,

And her sleep of death would be serene.

Oft times she is met for days together,
Wandering espous'd to the pitiless weather.

Proffer a hood—she will refuse,

Or, silent gazing, musing views—

“ 'Tis not the colour she would choose.”

Then, chance, it in the air she throws,

And, then, no look of reason shows.

Bend now your eyes;—her effeminate form,

Rocks cradled within the careering storm.

The Maid is craz'd!—she was not always so.

—On THEE, vile Osroch!—a long—a heaviest woe!

Three months, and she,

Whose cheek is so wan, and whose eye is so wild,

Was said to be Beauty's favourite child.

Her form—that symmetry so hard defin'd,

As if for gentlest sylph design'd.

Her locks, o'er her orbs of myrtle blows,

Hung like morning beams on melting snows.

Her cheek, let a glance emotion win,

Had the maiden tinge of the nectarine.

Her lips—oh! when did youth refuse,

To taste such raspberries bath'd in dew?

Her eye—'twere rare to catch the hue,

But, to guess, it was a sunny blue;

In sooth, it shed such lustral fire,
 As might holy anchorite inspire;
 Waking that pleasing, thrilling frame,
 Oft felt—but difficult to name.
 When smil'd, or tun'd she, cheerily,
 Sweet, undulating melody,
 Through coral shone the pearlery.
 While the sighing Zephyr fain would sip,
 Nectareous breathings from the lip.
 As Innocence her temper mild,
 Yet pensive hours stole o'er the child;
 And made her more to parents' eye,
 Fond object of anxiety.
 And, oh! she was a peerless flower,
 To hallow Virtue's virgin bower,
 And, although the maidens here, in budding graces swell,
 Not many lists my song—more fair—than Rosabelle.

*At this, a rising blush was seen,
 To mantle o'er the May-day queen,
 And on each maiden's cheek, by moonlight's silvery sheen,
 That heard his greeting fair, upon the gairish green.*

Her sire was a noble Baron—her dame a Lady bright,
 And hapless Rosabelle—their solace—their delight—
 For in her nature there was placed,
 Such love of right, such shame of wrong,
 A heart so tender, mind so strong,
 As rarely equal beauty grac'd.
 And ever toward her parents loved,
 Such kind solicitude she showed,
 And prayers by night, and smiles by day,
 And cheerful temper to obey,

As to her doating parents proved,
The daughter's gratitude she owed—
Until Earl Kandorf came.
And who is Earl Kandorf?"—Of martial fame.
Brave Eutrick's son—rich Eutrick's heir,
Who had plighted his troth to the maniac fair,
The wretched picture of pale Despair!
For Eutrick's parks, and pleasure ground,
The baron's hall, and domains bound.
And oft in childhood did they meet,
In pastime sport, in friendship greet;
Until the little pilferers stole,
Each other's heart, each other's soul;
Nor did stern parents' frown disprove,
When friendship ripen'd into love.

O Love! deign tell us what thou art?
A something—melting in the eye!
A something—throbbing in the heart!
But what to tell, were vain to try.
But this we know,
Thou art a tyrant in thy sway,
And oft dost wary Reason buffet so,
He hides his head abash'd, and yields to thee the day.
And yet we love thee, Love,
Who oft dost bind
Congenial heart with heart, and mind with mind,
And set them billing like the cooing dove;
'Till twain in one, and one in twain they prove,
And emulate the bliss above.

And wherefore he left her?—did his love grow cold?
Or saw he a form of more delicate mould?"

That could not be.—He heard his Country's order,
He was call'd to repel the rapacious Marauder,
That infested the lands of the Southron Border.

And red levin scorch that wretch's sight,
Who's blind to scan his country's right;
And aliens bear his hurried bier,
Who's deaf his country's call to hear;
And blasted be his recreant name,
Who glories in his country's shame!

O sweet to die in tented field,
When fighting for our Fathers,
Each arm a blade, each breast a shield,
When stormy battle gathers;
When roaring light'ning fires the plain,
'And hurtling spears and arrows rain!

O sweet for Native Land to die,
For those we hold most dear;
Our dirge shall be a soldier's sigh,
Our meed a maiden's tear;
Our name embalm'd in memory,
Be grateful theme for minstrelsy!

When hasted the Earl for a short farewell,
In the Baron, her father's grottoed bowers,
At noon's warm hours,
When May walk'd forth to view her flowers,
To her Kandorf thus spake his Rosabelle;—
"Love binds thee here—thine ardency I know,
"But honour breaks the spell—thy country bids thee go—
"And never in Kandorf's veins shall a coward current flow."

This said, she felt a sudden chill,
Run through her frame, and wake her fears;
But not misboding to instil,
She turned her languid head,
To hide the grief that would be shed;
Watchful love, alarmed, descried those precious tears.
He saw her combating with grief,
Quiver, convuls'd, like aspen leaf.
"Think me not cruel, soft he spake,
"Fate forces me away;
"Think me not cruel, for my soul,
"Would deem it bliss to stay.
"Your parting words just bade me go,
"Your tears still whisper nay;
"And yet I love to see thee weep,
"Far more than see thee gay;
"For tears are prompted by the heart,
"But words the will obey.
"Prithee, no more, my weeping girl,
"Honour and country sway;
"The laurel soon with myrtle twin'd,
"Shall crown our bridal day."
And now her tears more freely flow,
He gently holds him back, yet presses him to go.
No time for parley this—
The pibroch cut responses brief,
And dash'd the luxury of grief;
He grasp'd her hand—there left a kiss,
False earnest of his future bliss.
Then with eyes averted, he vaulted his steed;
And the gathering tempest was Kandorf's speed;
Little thought he then, what holy Heaven decreed!—

*The circle, at this, bend forward the ear,
And hold in the breath more minutely to hear,
And as the strain may damp, or as the strain may cheer,
Anon, by turns, they gay and sad appear,
And now indulge the smile, and now repay the tear.*

In Kandorf's absence, would this constant Fair,
Through winding aisles, down paths of green,
Where, on the left, tall groves between,
Her father's halls were peering seen,
Oft to the dale, within her bower repair,
And, screened the ardent sky,
And more obtrusive eye;
With lute and vocal symphony declare,
The rival hopes and fears that did her bosom share.
Lo, the Bower, with deep alcove,
Fit recess for the queen of love.
The entrance is arch'd with the clustering vine,
With broad leaves combining,
Curl'd tendrils entwining,
Wicker'd and checker'd with sweet woodbine.
Festooned aloof,
The sides and roof,
And here, and there, inwoven fair,
Fringing and flouncing, every climbing flower,
That grows in Flora's land,
Display'd as if by elfin hand,
Like hanging rainbows bending,
Their hues and incense blending,
To grace the Lady of the Bower.
And, round the skirts, there scatter'd blow,
As genial months successive glow,

Snow-drops white, blue wood-hare-bells,
Cowslips pale, gold asphodels,
Green amaranth, and jessamine,
Dark hyacinths, and eglantine,
And like coquets of charms profuse,
The holly, and the fleur-de-luce.
Roses with tinge like maiden's cheek,
When parents on love's wooings break;
And lilies, as a maiden pale,
When lover's assignations fail;
And hiding daisies, violets, seen
Like bashful virgins in their teen.
Here, down the vale, at early day,
Each hawthorn bough, and little spray,
Troll'd with an unseen roundelay.

This was the bower of Rosabelle,
Where Kandorf bade his last farewell.
And where, when gone, she went to hie,
And smile, and watch the glance of love,
And let her whole soul, reflected, fly
From the blue heaven of her eye,
When Fancy placed her lover by,
And then, awaking, she would sigh,
To find her bliss ideal prove.

Enter now her fragrant bower,
At evening's pensive musing hour.
Through quivering leaves, see freakish play,
The prying moon's pale glimmering ray,
And on the walls of green fantastic groups portray.
Reclining on her couch of gossamery moss,
Which fairy fingers down-emboss;

Pavilion meet for trothed charms,
 To slumber in each others arms;
 I see her now at Fancy's beck,
 The shame-fac'd roses on her cheek—
 Hush! I hear her ardent song,
 As impatient borne along:—

"O haste thee, Earl Kandorf, my life, or I die,
 "For without thee no pleasure can Rosabelle know;
 "O borrow love's down-plumed pinions; and fly,
 "For steeds, they will tire, and to love travel slow.
 "How long, oh, how long, shall I count the dull hours,
 "And fancy they linger to lengthen my wo?
 "My arbour is desert, and languid the flowers—
 "O fly to thy Juliet, my sweet Romeo!"

With-passing thoughts, she now turns pale,
 And droops like lily of the dale.
 And musing now, she plucks a flower,
 That buds beside her in the bower,
 And on it poring, tears succeeding,
 Dew the leaves of—"Love lies bleeding."
 List! again the maid harmonious,
 Trills her lute and lay symphonious:—

"Perchance is now stiffen'd that hand,
 "That mine could so tenderly press;
 "And hush'd are the breathings so bland,
 "That did vows and devotion confess.

"And quenched is the beam in that eye,
 "That wak'd in my bosom such flame;
 "And throbless the heart to reply,
 "At the mention of Rosabelle's name.

" 'Tis strange to a feminine mind,
" That man against man can be foe;
" Wild beasts of the wood to their kind,
" More reason and lenity show.

" Come Kandorf, come Kandorf, I pray,
" My sad apprehensions to quell;
" If wounded, I by thee will stay,
" And thy nurse be thine own Rosabelle."

Now rous'd the Minstrel from this pleasing dream,
In which his soul would fain repose,
But needs the sequel to disclose—
And while backward glanced his clouded eye,
And rushing scenes alternate dye,
His sunken cheek with pale, and hectic livery,
He rings his wailing harp to a less grateful theme.

Short time to the Border had Kandorf sped,
Where bravely he fought, and freely he bled,
And won such 'vantage in the fray,
That rash insurgent rued the day;
And had with his own trusty brand,
Assay'd the Chieftain of the band,
And sent his spirit, yelling, hurl'd
To penance dire in nether world;
And though wounded deep in breast and knee,
Ne'er might his back the foeman see;
While oft amid the deadliest fight,
Would softer visions bless his sight,
Where bowers, and vows, and smiles and tears unite;
Few weeks had he fought with good omen and bled,
When Osrock, a kin, who aspired to her bed,

Wrote Rosabelle, Kandorf was vanquish'd, and fled,
Was pursued, overtaken, self-challenged. and dead,
And dying, of his trothed bride, no syllable he said!

And fact confirm'd by tidings borne,
Of one who saw him chafe his steed,
And saw the flash that told the deed,
Which made his faithful clansmen mourn.

I blush this wretch's hated name,
With blood so pure might kindred claim,
And Osroch this fair form call cousin to his shame.
Then rush'd the wo-tide on the Maid!—then was her mental death!

That day of fate, that wrathful day,
Did all her hopes in ruin lay.

Such heart as her's, you well believe,
Would bleed at every pore;
And bleed it did, and swelling grieve,
Till it could grieve no more.
And mind of such fine texture wrought,
By brooding o'er the tale;
And foster'd fears, and news unbrought,
Soon felt its fabric fail.

Ah! why not tell her parents dear?
They might have kiss'd away the tear.
'Twas young timidity, that did not dare.
Her sickening doubts, and injur'd pride,
Could ill abide,
To tell this slight of love—"no syllable he said—
"Nor, ere he left the world, her farewell paid."
—Oh! had she done, I had not wail'd the Fair!

But grief unbroach'd, it warp'd her brain,
And never was she herself again;
Her home, her parents, all, she left and wandered to the
Heath.

And think ye this Osroch were rival to fear?
Then ye never saw Kandorf, and do Rosabelle wrong;
For, in Osroch, all vices demeaning appear,
And, to Kandorf, all virtues ennobling belong.
To wed a fair maiden, it illy would suit,
To the form of a man, but the soul of a brute—
Not a Dragon should guard such Hesperian fruit.
Of Osroch's sins, if there were needs,
I might cite a murky catalogue;
But I love not to tell of midnight deeds;
Better I cull the flowers, and tramp the weeds,
Or leave them, untouch'd, in their native bog.
You would not wish to hear, I'm sure,
Of little one, found left in desert place,
Featur'd like Osroch in the face,
And limb'd his very miniature.
'T had made one weep,
And hearts almost had broke,
To see it smiling sleep,
With leaves wrapt round,
On the cold ground,
And sleep so sound,
That had not traveller, wildered on his way,
The reckless infant found,
That very day,
It never had awoke,
Until glad angels' smiles might on its spirit play.

But best my Muse no farther tell,
 As this was hid from Rosabelle.
 Although Osroch was of lineage high,
 Of splendid gear, and dangerous eye,
 And winning phrase when maid was by,
 And much conceal'd his villany;
 There's not a maiden here, I ween, would on him deign a
 smile,

Such flattery in his lips—his heart so full of guile.
 Not so was Kandorf!—by the echoing sigh,
 And the whisper low, I judge it would be honest pride,
 —————be honest pride,
 In the loftiest maiden here, to be Earl Kandorf's bride,

- 'To measure glance, he was so high,
 A common man needs lift the eye;
 And sinewy limb, and swelling chest,
 A warrior's legacy exprest.

His manly face, for no lady wrought,
 Was somewhat trac'd with lines of thought;
 But a rosy cheek in a man is nought!
 Rough elms by tender vines are sought.

His forehead deep was well defin'd,
 With ample throne for hero's mind.

His hair was the hue of the raven's plume,

His nose like the beak of the bird of Jove;

His full eye, which darkling beams/illume,

Was in battle a hawk, in hall a dove.

As sun and shade tell the hour of day,

So his eye informed his passion's sway.

Firm was his step's elastic bound,

As if it measur'd pibroch's sound.

And though dark his brow when the bugle bray'd

And the battle shrunk a man a shade,

And though dealt in wrath his deadening blow,
His vengeance cool'd o'er prostrate foe.
The form that ne'er flinch'd where weapons fly,
Could bend to gallant courtesy;
And the palm that could wield a battle-brand,
Could thrilling press fair lady's hand;
And the pride that surrender'd not in field,
To woman would willing captive yield;
But conquer his heart, could not be well,
For he left it at home—with Rosabelle.

Oh! what a dreary waste, without one joyous ray,
Vere life, if woman's charms cheer'd not the sunless day!
Then, honour'd by her smiles, we'll chase all clouds away,
And, willingly enthral'd, her gentle reign obey.

Now glance your thoughts again to the Moor,
For the Maid is still out the Cottage door;
For the winds are still blowing,
The lightnings still glowing,
The thunders still roaring,
The flood rain still pouring,
And the baron and lady their lost daughter deploring.
Hush——

“Oh! who will find his grave for me!

“I'll plant a little cypress tree!

“My bosom restless as the billow,

“Shall find his grave a soothing pillow.

“My kindred shall not bind me;

“My parents shall not find me;

“Yet ever I'll be there,

“Though lightnings crimson glare,

" Though thunders rend the air,
 " To chant my requiem prayer,
 " And to guard the cypress tree.
 " O! were he false, or true,
 " My love is ever new,
 " And his cold sod for my couch shall be!
 " Come, come to my wedding,
 " Oh make no delaying,
 " The minstrels are playing,
 " The guests they are staying,
 " Oh! come to my wedding!
 " Chill, chill, blow the winds, but my Love keeps me warm,
 " His arms twine around me, and keep me from harm!
 " And did he bleed?
 " And did he die?
 " Oh! I pray you find his grave for me!
 " And I will speed,
 " And I will fly,
 " And his cold sod for my couch shall be!"

Do you not feel for her?—the unbidden tear shall steal
 Down Pity's cheek, and tell the world you feel.

*Here the wearied Harper sooth'd his lay,
 And the tremulous strains, expiring, slowly died away.
 Then felt he for his dog, which to a leading string was tied,
 And long he patted him, as a friendly, patient guide,
 While Shag, with winnowing tail, crept closer to his side.
 The generous youths about him smil'd,
 And with a cordial draught the good old man beguil'd.
 The minstrel deeply quaff'd—
 Then rous'd a note abrupt—startling it was, and wild:—*

Now who is it tramps over the Heath so fast?
Whose steed outfleets the Boreal blast?
And now the green-wood copse is past;
Now the taper's dull light,
With the sky-flame bright,
Lead him on to the sight,
The Cot where the Maniac stands in dismal plight.
As a lily scathed, and tempest torn,
Of its vernal beauties rudely shorn,
So stands she, the maiden, soil'd and lorn.

ed, speed thee, red roan, bound over the heather;
flag not, fleet charger, a cottage is near thee!
The cot shall thy master cloak dry from the weather;
The shed, it shall cover, the manger shall cheer thee.
Stay thee, my steed, ever faithful in danger,
The cot, it is by, and now stay, gallant ranger;
Plight and the night, shall bid welcome the stranger!"

Now the steed is staid, and the stranger sprung
His saddle off, and the steed is hung,
He rushes to the door, a covert from the rain.
How way had he sped, when he halts him again!
By the glimmer of light,
And a flash of the night,
He reflected momentous his armor bright;
Insixed at the gate, he the maniac espies,
His electric, he catches the glance of her eyes—
"Rosa! Rosa! dropt from Heaven?
"Rosa! Rosa! guardian given?
Hunders wake me, I am dreaming!
"Dearest! speak me, Rosa, hear me!

"Ha! forgot me? Rosa, cheer me!
 "Lightnings show me with your streaming!"

The once-loved accents reft the cloud,
 That her sun of reason did enshroud,
 And, half unwitting, she cried aloud:—
 '—— My Kandorf!—'tis he!—I know you well—
 'And this is she,—who—once was Rosabelle!
 'Oh!—it was bloody, Osroch!—

"Art thou she?

"Am I he?

"Gods forgive me!

"I outlive thee!"

'Osroch told me thou wert fled,
 'And to Rosabelle untrue;
 'Osroch told me thou wert dead,
 'And my heart has broke for you!"
 This spake, she relaps'd—her eye grew wild—
 'I love these lightning's glowing,
 'My father's hall they brighten;
 'Bid, bid the music play!
 'I love these gales a-blowing,
 'My merry heart they lighten—
 '—I am a bride to-day!"—

Then laugh'd an idiot laugh—then wept a merest child!

"Osroch!—ayaunt my view!

"Thy blood shall rue!

"Merciless boor, unbolt thy door,

"Screen this pallid angel's form!

"Enter, Dearest, from the storm!

"A little boy—in scant attire!

"Frighted fellow, no new danger!

"Start not at the name of stranger!

"And where's thy sire?

"Chance o'er the heath the old bird flown,

"And left thee, single nestling, here alone?

"Doubts distract me, fears assail me!

"My brain is dizzy, senses fail me!

"Hark!—in the gale that sullen knell!

"I must quit my Rosabelle,

"And beg a grave,

to bury this new grief, in yon rough-roaring wave.

"Osroch! thou shalt live to feel,

"Curse keener than avenging steel!

Kind stranger boy, be kind to this poor maid,

'hen in the waters wild, is her own Kandorf laid!"

Oh! Heaven, inform what thoughts employ,

Wretches of senses fled?

Do they a mortal life enjoy,

Or commune with the dead?

I fear their gold hath much alloy,

And life not many a charm;

If conscious grief do not annoy,

No joys their bosoms warm.

pray ye to pray in your prayers when ye pray,

at the joy-sun dissolve her wo-mists with his ray,

at the twilight yet gladden of Rosabelle's day.

Earl Kandorf, whence came ye, and why so pale?

Ah! thou had'st heard of lying Osroch's tale!

How he told your bride an invented story;

How he strove to supplant ye, and to tarnish your glory;

And, since foemen were routed, nigh ended the fray,
Thou the Border hadst left, vile Osroch to slay,
And with Rosabelle name your bridal day;
But the storm-black night led your track astray,
And little you dreamed, I weet, to find her on your way!

O world!—disastrous—intricate!
And dim is mortal eye to scan the book of Fate;
Yet suffering virtue sure rewards await,
In a far better state.

Who ever saw a brighter dawn,
Than opened on these Lovers gay?
Or sooner saw the shadows drawn,
To shroud, ere noon, their woful day?

Man knows not what will be his morrow,
Rearing fabrics in the air;
Till the bursting gales of sorrow,
Raze them, and leave nothing there.

Now leave we the Maid, for Earl Kandorf hath gone—
He hath revaulted his steed—he hath traversed the lawn;
He points where the Death-Peak Waters flow;
Which loudly are dashing,
The stubborn rocks lashing,
Which bare their hard breasts to the clamorous foe.
He winks not—although the lightnings flash!
He shrinks not—although the thunders crash!
And loud the billowy breezes blow;
For, in Earl Kandorf's breast, there weighs a weightier woe!
Now he frantic scales the menacing brow,
That scowls o'er the yawning Falls below.

O dire mischance! wreck'd is that noble mind,
For honour, bliss, and Rosabelle design'd.

Her sight was too much, he might not stay,
For her sad oblivion thrill'd dismay,
The orb was set, that had gilded his day!
Nor might he return vile Osroch to slay,
For his perfidy might heaven repay;
And righteous judgment, soon or late,
Will ever on the guilty wait.

Now on the Crag's extremest verge,
Resolved his headlong pass to urge,
And steed, and man, in the flood emerge;

A frenzy of despair he cries:—

“Just Heaven forgive!

“For Rosabelle is dead, then wherefore should I live?

“For where she trod—'twas Paradise about her!

“And the whole world's a Wilderness without her!

“My Father!—no more you Kandorf see!

“My Mother—break not your heart for me!

“A Wo on the Seer, whose augury told

“Your son in years should not grow old!

“*My dying ban on Osroch!*—

“Now Death for a bride shall Kandorf wed;

“And my Hymen-torch, be the lightnings red;

“And my nuptial song, be the winds o'er my head;

“And the billows below be my bridal bed!

“O Heaven!—take Rosabelle!”

His steed hath plung'd down the dizzy steep!

Earl Kandorf sleeps—

Brave Kandorf sleeps—where the dead all sleep!

Such was the votive Faith of Elder Times;
 For to days of Chivalry I harp'd my rhymes.
 But not in wiser, later day,
 A Lover life will cast away,
 The lot of his Rosabelle, in sooth, be what it may.
 But I beg you in fond remembrance keep,
 The fate of this hapless Pair;
 That ~~he~~ was loyal, Maids may weep,
 And Men, that ~~she~~ was fair.

EPILOGUE.

The clock chim'd ten upon the Village spire,
 And brake the song, and hush'd Mellodin's lyre.
 Or, he had told, that when return'd the boor,
 He knew the maid within his door,
 And kind entreated her to wander out no more;
 And with next rising day,
 Her passive guidance luring,
 And whim, and sob, enduring,
 O'er miles of wearied way,
 Did to her parents' arms, their daughter lost restore;
 Where, in few days, her spirit fled,
 To rest in heaven, and Kandorf wed,
 Where love no more shall bleed, nor drops of grief be shed,
 Nor had the Harper time to tell,
 That the DYING BAN on Osroch fell.
 For, 'tis rumour'd, he would foam, and rave,
 A maniac,
 More like a lion pent in cell,
 Than lamb-like, gentle Rosabelle,
 And oft would—"Kandorf"—shriek, to rouse him from
 his grave.

Oh! never may wretch a heavier judgment meet,
Than follow'd Osroch for his vile deceit.

And O, much injur'd Rosabelle!

And Kandorf, who deserv'd her well;

Look down in mercy from high Heaven,

On Osroch, by foul-demons driven;

And, if thou canst the curse forego,

Plead that this life may end this wo,

And, since disrob'd in death, his soul may be forgiven.

The pale moon sicken'd at the song,

And the mourning clouds began to weep;

Bidding go home the ebbing throng,

And drown their grief in sorrow-soothing sleep.

But the Minstrel's meed they first repay,

And he, grown vain, demands to harp another day,

A more congenial strain, less tragical the lay,

If no censure cold might chill his play,

And Heaven were longer pleas'd to spare the Harper gray.

THE GRAVE.

ARGUMENT.

Church-yard.—Impotence of man.—Future life.—Importance of time.—Death of a good man; of a sinner.—Inscrutability of Providence.—Uncertainty of the manner of Death.—Death at sea.—Death in war.—Death at home.—Death of infants.—Apathy of man.—The ancients, though dead, live in fame.—Vanity of monuments.—Life walks over gaping graves.—Virtue of Religion.—Conscience.—Heaven.—Hell.—Apostrophe.—Death welcome, if prepared.—Judgment.—Faith.

Go to the Church-yard—domain of the dead,
There, o'er death's triumphs, be your musings led.
A graven stone invites the inquiring eye,
To mark the cold couch where we listless lie.
A mound of turf metes out our stinted clay,
Our kindred visit, weep—no more can they!
Friends, as they lightly tread, find sweet relief,
In hallowed risings of, unbidden grief;
Strangers may spell our names upon the stone,
May trifling spell, nor think our lot their own.

Man feels his vain omnipotence expire,
When Time, deliberate, quells the vital fire.
Youth drops, like canker'd buds, no suns can save,
And Age, like autumn leaves, into the grave.
Who can bribe Time a diverse course to take?
Who the strong chain of Destiny can break?

the soul frail nature's funeral survives,
and, youthful, re-creating ages lives.
hence then the prayer that life gray years attain,
here little joy is temper'd with much pain?
here chill frustration nips the germe of hope,
and humble worth with lordly vice must cope;
why lose unprized our ne'er-returning hours;
Pleasure's lap enervate deathless powers?
me hath no void—but, to the active mind,
each point hath some peculiar task assign'd.
me, a free steed, needs less the spur than rein,
yet many goad his flight, and few restrain.
retrospect should future learn from past,
and, as each may be, count each day the last.
With Death familiarize as with a friend,
since Time's receding scenes so quickly end.
not on earth, strive to be rich in Heaven,
nor earthly goods for earthly graves are given.
few comfort promises, but sorrow pays,
and Virtue oft on earth her meed delays.
vain happiness?—as soon the blind gain sight!
escape from woe!—our shades outstrip in flight!
we hunt for pleasures whither hope decoys,
raving at spectres of eluding joys.
amuse with wealth, and tour the sensual round,
peace only with resignation can be found.
depression's cross must weigh the shoulders down,
nor glitter on the brow the victor's crown.
Grief's a disease, affliction aids the cure;
no remedy applied, and death is sure.
let cease your doubts, your baseless fears release,
and faith undeviating guides to peace.

Humbling to Pride, when Power and Beauty fall,
 Oblivion's lake so soon engulfs them all.
 Humbling—that Pomp, which awed the vulgar eye,
 Must, in the dust it spurn'd, commingling lie.
 Wealth's gorgeous robes drop off beside the tomb,
 Pride doffs his crest, and Beauty pales her bloom.
 But be our birth by penury accurst,
 Of worldly lots, our worldly lot be worst;
 Let Sorrow languish, and let Hope repine,
 If Faith's bright beam through life's dark lattice shine
 Then may the soul, when nought on earth can save,
 Repose on God—the Regent of the Grave.
 Then fears of mortal date their farewell take,
 And dreaming hopes to full fruition wake.

Death brings no dread to him, or prince, or boor,
 Whose heart, unschool'd in vice, no sins allure.
 The good man dies, and finds soul-easing rest,
 From sordid cares ~~alaps~~'d, in glory drest.
 What though some pangs attend his dying breath?
 Guilt is the thorn that goads the mind in death!
 Mark what chill horrors freeze the guilty soul,
 When o'er his head vindictive death-bolts roll.
 With wild alarms, despair lit in his eyes—
 "Mercy!" from Him so long blasphem'd, he cries.
 Worldlings, draw round, his corse impassive see,
 A moral picture of life's vanity.
 Still is his heart, and fixt his frenzied eye,
 Now seal'd his verdict irreversibly.

Who the wide scheme of Providence may scan?
 Not angel synods!—how then feeble man?
 Tost like a mariner without his chart,
By gusts of passion gender'd in the heart;

Or, from his purpose, like a restless vane,
Veer'd by the fitful impulse of the brain?
Nay, but let Him, Who arbitrates the skies,
Pronounce the fiat of man's destinies.
Justice and love so complicated blend,
Much seeming ill man fails to apprehend.
But chance what may, permission is decree,
And right our wrong, though past our scrutiny.

Death comes in countless shapes, in untold ways,
No eye foresees, no hand his progress stays.
Though groans of age, or sickness death preludes,
Without these heralds oft his march obtrudes.
O'er Death's domains, we, drifted game, are blown,
'Till, one by one, the Archer brings us down.
Youth walks preceding Death, and Age behind,
But Youth turns not his head, and Age is blind.

In ocean caverns, myriads, mindless, lie,
O'er whom, forgotten, surge the billows high.
Whose giddy days were wreck'd in mid career,
With none to close the eye, or drop the tear.
O ye, who risk in fragile barks your lives,
Bid the storm rave, while the burst billow drives;
Cleave through the liquid hill and dale with glee,
To pamper pride in foreign luxury;—
What pressing need to discipline the mind,
To eddying gusts of fortune's varying wind;
To part with friends as those may meet no more,
Till strand your vessels on life's utmost shore;
What urgent need, that such your mortal tie,
That while ye toil to live, ye dare to die.

Lo! myriads, vaulting in their crimson cars,
Rush to promiscuous death in impious wars.
Where sulphurous smoke o'erwhelms them like a flood,
And leaves them weltering the red-sea of blood:
Where rival arms the date of nations urge,
And battle's roar reverberates their dirge;
Where writhing bodies strew the ensanguined ground,
Their life escaping through the unsealed wound;
To whom no aid medicinal is given,
Nor parting prayer to point the soul to heaven.

To a reflecting mind, thought big with gloom!
Armies of souls, disbanded, marching home.
And, as their fealty to their King and Cause,
Shall be disgrace commissioned, or applause.
Thousands, unwarned, press, bloody, unannealed,
To be condemned, cashiered, and rebels sealed.
O they, how rash! who death and wo forestal,
When pride, revenge, not rights and country call.

Mark yonder couch—there lies a lovely maid;
See on her cheek health's fair complexion fade.
See the last farewells light her sunken eye,
And hear, heart rending sound, her anguished sigh.
Now faint, more faint, her pulses loathly play,
And sinking nature, struggling, yields her sway.
Lo, where she pined—rich tapestry o'erspread—
A simple sod now makes Elmira's bed!
Her part ethereal fitted through the air,
But left no trace that we may argue where.
Would some kind soul her travell'd space return,
Then might we know, what we should fear to learn.

But so intense, acute, their joy, or pain,
Once gone, they fail to visit earth again.

Tell us, ye dead, what is this bubble—breath?
What, but the passport to the halls of death?
So trips Aurora with her jewels bright,
Shrouded anon in burial pall of night;
So o'er his disk, the sun-cloud skims, and flies;
So the pale crescent fulls, and wanes, and dies.

Not every hopeful bud expands a rose,
Full many a bud is blighted ere it blows.
Mournful this truth, by ages long avowed,
The swaddling band soon changes to a shroud.
He smiles, and prattles, innocent, in bloom—
Not less the cradle rocks him for the tomb.
Age limps that portal, closing on return,
To ope whose yielding wicket nurslings learn.
For babes lip praises with the sky-born choir,
And infant fingers chant an infant lyre;
Or, sleep in angels' bosoms, dreaming joys,
And banquet, waked, on love that never cloy.

Happy ye mothers, to whom babes are given,
Too ripe for earth, to be matur'd in heaven.
Whose deeds, or thoughts, gave virtue no offence,
Born favour'd spirits of blest innocence.
Grieve not your infants scarce their birth survive,
But rather grieve that ye were doom'd to live;
Where toils of vice our erring feet attend,
And our own heart is a deceitful friend."

As wave on wave, ages on ages crowd,
And children roll their fathers in their shroud.

Each for *his* life thinks some reversion by,—
Mortal—the Grave was never known to lie!
While we, inactive, rest in murderous peace,
Posts on the closing day of human lease.
Corrosive pangs soon life's fine fibres feel—
From the decree of death lies no appeal.
Could mankind die by proxy, all would live.
Could wealth ebb back life's current, all would give.
Despite of pride, in the same chambers rest,
Menials and lords, with equal visions blest.

Where are the statesmen, where the seers of old,
Who grac'd the senate, who in truth were bold?
Where, the rapt bards, who rung the thrilling lyre,
Languish'd the soul to love, or flam'd to ire?
They long have left the earth!—still with their name,
Swells, loud and far, the envied trump of Fame.
'Tis when the great, unconscious, sleep in dust,
That captious Fame no more belies her trust;
But, tiptoe on their tomb, her trumpet blows,
And on their ashes adulation throws,
Deems she her clarion swells a nobler sound,
High pois'd upon a tomb, o'er vaulted ground?
Vile truth! by Envy prompted, Fame denies
Him honest meed, whom dead, she deifies.

Deluded they, who dream to build their fame,
On mausoleums mouldering with their name.

our life the hero, sage, express,
n's ally, and virtue's in distress;
ulptor'd tablet, or the mossy stone,
slumber's guard, is all alike when gone.
ne shall live, protected by the just,
rfume sweet, and blossom in the dust.

and of Graves walks Life below!
and thickening as we onward go. ♪
se, with bounding step, and light of day,
outh awhile, nor marks them on his way—
how many, heedless, backward fall!
; dim-sighted, nerveless, forc'd to crawl
ttering knees, while groping for a plain,
aves so numbering, his strength so vain,
awares, by hopes presumptive led,
scarce wept, he falters to the dead.

our date, then should we school the heart,
es, virtue, peace, and truth impart.
ions rein to Reason's wise control,
teligion's mirror dress the soul.
it, and deck'd, may Faith relying wait,
com'd through the Blood-empurpled Gate.

he breast an upright Judge presides,
the right, and dubious error guides.
committing, ye may trust the rein,
its entangling mazes range in vain.
when passions spur to pleasure's gaol,
ll course, not death, destroys the soul.

One hour of sin begets repentant years,
And folly's votaries wash their smiles in tears.
Sin, with a honied lip, conceals a sting.
Vices, like Syrens, murder as they sing.
Virtue, be deaf, when Flattery invades,
Reason most triumphs, when she self persuades.
So live, that when your soul be houseless driven,
Angels may bear it to a home in Heaven.

Death sinks the sinner down despair's abyss,
And wafts the saint to ever-during bliss.
Here, Jealousy no bloody feuds incites,
Nor Envy, with her writhen adders, bites.
Here, heats and colds, intensive, never rage,
Nor pains, nor fears, consummate joys assuage.
But, free from hatred, want, remorse, alarms,
Pervading love the absorbent spirit warms.
And hence their bliss enhances, that they know,
Joys more sublim'd, as they more perfect grow.
There, frightened at themselves, they fain would flee,
And die more powerful death—*no more to be.*
But still their consciences, like spectres, haunt,
And pride, and lust, in scornful vengeance taunt.
Poisons their viands, drop by drop, distil,
Provocatives to death, which fail to kill.
Remorse awakes, and darts her pungent stings,
And Hope to grim Despair her visor flings.
While imps now aid their vision through the gloom,
To glimpse at glories which the saints illumine.
Keen torture this!—severest, last of woes,
Which Heaven inflicts on unrelenting foes.

And Thou, whose feeble strains dirge mortal doom,
Death, now, perhaps, is hollowing out thy tomb.
Then farewell hill, and green, and pleasant light,
Dear friends farewell, I go to realms of night.
Then will ye be, as those I ne'er had seen,
And I to 'you, as I had never been.
When shrinks my soul, while Time stands by, and lowers,
Haunted by unlaïd ghosts of murder'd hours;
While Justice frowns, and Judgment steps before—
Mercy uplift me, that I reach thy door.

What fear we death?—'tis a transition sweet,
Where stranger souls their dearest inmates greet;
Where all, to sympathetic feelings won,
Are bound in willing chains of unison;
If such our life, as death disarms of pain;
If such our death, that life may live again.

Hard crowds the day, deceit will not deceive,
Courage will shrink, and unbelief believe.
Lo! cearments burst, dispart the riving tomb,
Death's sceptre break, and waking life re-bloom.
Then will unaveil volitions of the heart,
Nor stifled thought, unchalleng'd, shall depart.
Then one repentant tear erase more guilt,
Than blood of hecatombs atoning spilt.
One hallow'd aspiration then avail,
(When shrines of Araby's frankincense fail.

Through clouds of grief, few beams of joy illum-
our dark, and dread descent into the tomb.
here, through a crevice, FAITH espies a ray,
o light the soul, by angels borne away,
o a perpetual home, where shines unsullied day.

And OTWAY, heart-appealing bard,
 Doom'd wast thou to struggle hard;
 Though true to Nature swell'd thy lays,
 Thy patronage was—starveling praise!
 Lo, BUTLER, laughing-genius ripe!
 Worthy thy peerless Archetype!
 Thou Bard of two-edged wit! thou Man of various lore!
 Complaining Echoes murmur thou wast poor.
 But genius such as thine,
 Needs not a lisp of mine,
 That Kings did quote, and Courtiers admire,
 Thy colonelling Sir Hudibras, and disputatious Squire,
 Who did such featly charge at holy Bigots fire.
 Fortune! though thou scowl and lower,
 Mightier than thou is Genius found!
 Penury! he spurns thy power,
 Firm to chain him to the ground!
 Let drop the sympathetic tear,
 O'er humbled Genius wail;
 CERVANTES was to Want an heir,
 Quixote conceiv'd in jail!
 That child of learning, child of fun,
 Enamour'd Humour's darling son;—
 To kindred souls, alas! an ill according tale:
 Father of Genius! HOMER, thou,
 Though ever-verdant chaplets now,
 Entwine thine hoary, sainted brow,
 Wast doom'd to stroll and sing;
 Though oft thy home was bleakest air,
 And storms behowl'd thy rugged lair,
 Constrain'd the scorn of fools to bear,
 Thy Muse ne'er flagg'd her wing.

Peace to thy Shade, great Master of the Epic Lyre!
And, oh! prophetic tell—if *mortal* may aspire!
What unborn Bard shall wed thy widowed Muse of fire!
Oft doom'd to suffer while on earth;
Born under baleful star,
To fight through Envy's war,
Triumphant Genius springs to birth.
While these to Civic honours rise,
And those make Peru's mines their prize,
No sordid care his vision haunts,
For intellectual wealth he pants,
And scorning grovelling Lucre's taunt,
Toils proudly through the labyrinth of want.
All hail! Tempëan vales! Idalian bowers!
Strong-featur'd Cliffs! and moon-reflected Towers!
Dear haunts that Genius woos,
Congenial to his Muse.
Stretch'd on the moss-grown bank, I see thee now,
A melancholy grandeur decks thy brow;
Deep lines of thought spread o'er thy cheeks,
And thine eyes' frenzy thy rapt soul bespeaks.
Boundless thy fame shall fly,
Each rancorous shaft defy,
And though thine high-born offspring sleep—shall never
die.
Though Envy rob thee of thy due,
Envy, mother of the viper breed!
And Prejudice that looks askew,
Daughter of Envy, jaundice-eyed;
With all their carping force allied,
Are blind to award thy rightful meed;—
Their strength shall fail to tear thy bays,
Or blot thy name from after days;

For, when thy spirit quits the earth,
Thy death shall prove thy second birth.

From the womb of the tomb,
Will pinion'd Merit, soaring, rise;
There Fame is born, there Envy dies.

Be grave-paid honours, GENIUS, thine,
Be thine ashes held divine!

POOR MARGARET DWY.

"Is not that Margaret by the fence,
Tying her tattered shawl together?"
Yes—the poor girl that's lost her sense,
And wanders out this bitter weather.

Rise with the sun, and you will see
Her narrow path-way o'er the dew;
And, late at evening, o'er the lea,
Her pallid visage meets your view.

In moody laughter chattering wild,
She'll stand and talk, of 'kerchief bare;
Anon, becoming a little child,
And sob aloud, and vacant stare.

Oft I have wept to see her weep,
For she was once a blithesome maid;
Till lull'd in love's oblivious sleep,
She was by ruffian man betray'd.

Oh! when her William prov'd unkind,
And from her to the army fled;
She lost the treasure of her mind,
And left her sense among the dead.

Poor Margaret once was Virtue's child,
And cherish'd with the fondest care;
But now she wanders dark and wild,
A maniac, lovely in despair.

Her father lives beyond the Mill,
And hopes to lure her senses home;
Her childless mother loves her still,
And grieves to see her senseless roam.

"Oh," she will say "my Meggy dear!
I would not go—the chill air blows:—"
'No, dearest mother! do not fear;
I will not go'—and out she goes.

Poor thing! she knows not what she will;
She'll feel the cold, and not complain;
She'll beat her bosom blue and chill,
And love the pleasure of the pain.

See, Margaret's gown is torn and tatter'd,
And bleed her feet with many a thorn;
Oh! as her gown, her mind is shatter'd,
By the cold world's reproach and scorn.

But few short months, and all would say,
When they this ruin'd maniac met,
Or at the church, or by the way:—
"Good-day," to gentle Margaret.

For then she wore a rosy cheek,
And had a smile for rich and poor;
And pensile from her blushing neck,
Her William Gartrand's miniature.

But since lorn Margaret Dwy has given
Enticing man her sex's jewel;
Few friends has she save pitying Heaven,
For Heaven is kind when friends are cruel.

PART SECOND.

“One, two; one, two; false was my Willey!
Hush! my poor heart, thou throbbing fawn!”
’Tis, Margaret, and the eve is chilly,
Poor undone thing! her sense is gone.

One hour, her heart’s with tempests tost,
Next, calm and sunny as high noon;
One hour, her brain’s with frenzies crost,
Next, dull and cheerless as the moon.

“Trust not to man,” will Margaret say,
For he will swear, and then deceive ye;
He’ll win your love, and then betray,
And to a scoffing world will leave ye.”

Sometimes she’ll tell of all her shame,
And virtue call a precious pearl;—
“But William was not all to blame,
Poor Margaret was a silly girl!

“Oh! my poor heart, ’twas done to prove me,
Dear Meggy is not yet forgot!—
My Willey!—did not Willey love me?
I lov’d my Willey—did I not?

“Hush! crying baby!—lul-la-bye!
Sleep on thy mother’s aching breast!
Hush! dying baby!—do not die!
Ah! die—in heaven is better rest!

“My suckling died!—he’s cold and dead!
I’ll find his little grave, and weep!

When Willey shall his Margaret wed,
No more my innocent shall sleep.

“ My Willey is not dead!—no!—no!
But where is Margaret?—all undone!
Well, well, poor Margaret soon must go—
They whisper Margaret’s sense is gone!

“ Feel my poor heart—one, two; one two;
Ha! little starling, what a rage!
Stop fluttering, this will never do;
Poor bird! it can’t get out the cage!”

Alas! frail, erring human nature!
Passions corrode and taint the heart;
Indulged—they mar each mental feature;
Restrained—becoming grace impart.

And virtue is a jewel rare,
Which brighter grows the more we use;
But when neglected by the fair,
Will tarnish, and its value lose.

Should ever William Gartrand hear
The ruin of his Margaret Dwy;
Oh! many a pang his breast will tear;
Of keen regret, and agony.

For, senseless, still her lot is grief,
Else, why so pallid as a corse?
Ah! ignorance is faint relief,
And intervals of sense—remorse.

ROWLEY WOODS.

INSCRIBED TO MY BROTHER FREDERIC.

THE ORDER.

Introduction.—Sunrising in Spring.—Fancied dangers.—Kinds of wood.
edication.—Apostrophe to my Brother.—Names cut on the rind.—
ng.—Mine of iron ore.—Noon in Summer.—Various scenery—murng
of the trees—hayng—bees—the Spring.—Lying and poring on the
—Beetle—mushrooms—cockroaches and ants.—The snake.—The tor
.—Nutting in Autumn.—The squirrel.—Fall of the leaf.—Winter—
s covered with ice.—Eeling.—Wood-cutting.—Echo.—Sun-setting.

Not Windsor's Forest, nor Sweet Auburn's bowers,
Cooper's Hill, nor Clifton Grove in flowers,
boast more tufted slopes, more amaranth sweets,
re wild embowering shades, more sly retreats;
nore to feast the ear, or taste, can bring,
n thou—Old Rowley Woods!—lov'd Wicomb Spring!

aurora blushes, as, with glad advance,
joyous Sun smiles up his rosy glance;
dewy lips breathe fragrance o'er his way,
orth he walks to overlook the day.
Nature, on the horizon's drapery blue,
atches the intervening landscape true;
le I, to woo sweet health, in musing mood,
sh the bright spangles from thy skirted wood;
lds that each side, and in the angle lie,
le lowlands stem and branch a Roman Y.

No Satyrs, Fauns, nor Hamadryads here,
Orëads, or Naiads, Sylphs, or Rays appear.
Though here, in days gone by, the bear would prowl,
And the pale traveller flee the tyger's howl;
Or the fierce wild-cat, from the tree-top sprang,
Grip'd on her prey, and tore with bloody fang.
And now, 'tis whispered, on lone stormy nights,
The wild wind whistling through the trees affrights;
Or, at the rustling leaves, or owl's shrill cry,
Fancy disordered hears the foot-pad nigh;
For, as the moss-wall bounds the passing road,
Consciencé alarm'd creates such fell abode.
Yet whoe'er famine's sore privations feel,
It shows a poverty of sense to steal!

Why should I boast thine oaks—our country's pride,
Which swells to see her infant navies ride;
Challenge each sail, that bloody ensigns bears,
Go forth to fight, and come off conquerors?
Or walnuts, banquets of the glutton flame?
Or poplar, sassafras, of humbler name?
Or maple, cherry, of the knoll or vale?
Or silver birch, tingling the truant's tail?
Or hedge-brook willows, or, hid here and there,
The conic savin, or green hemlock rare,
The red-streak'd pippin, or the russet pear?
Or harlot ivy, tainting with caress?
Or berries, purpling as the sweet lips press?
Or ferns, or reeds, or wild-rose chok'd in grass?
Or wintergreens, that twine the parlour-glass?

Now walk with me, and let us thoughtful trace,
Nature attired in rudest, wildest grace;

the birds plain tenderly their love,
 tops, that lift the thoughts above;
 at yonder gun, the eaglet driven,
 as if she bore complaint to heaven.

I love to muse on, arm in arm,
 e, and love, and still devotion warm.
 y God, and friendship to another—
 to thee—my only own dear brother!
 alone my unfledged strains wilt hear,
 le all scorn or pity, thou wilt cheer.
 why blame them? for an angel's lyre,
 ' bosom never could inspire!
 can unstrung ears, or sordid taste,
 sh banquet of the soul repast?
 the muse by them, with shame I burn,
 enchants me, and I cannot turn.
 e for her—but that such minds pretend
 at what they cannot comprehend.
 I muse for hours, all mute and pale,
 one glimpse from heaven, and yet should fail;
 a drone, a cumberer of the hive,
 eart is aggrieved—I blush to live!
 ; despond not, ye who wake the string,
 ired soul shall vibrate as ye sing.

u, the favoured rival of my lays,
 st, unenvied, and deserv'st my praise;
 w'st the frenzies of the sons of song,
 le of right, their jealousy of wrong;
 bing temple, and the burning eye,
 ng of the heart, the wasting sigh,
 in bed, the peaceful sleep denied,
 us hand, and twinges in the side.

As through her fan warm beams the lucid eye,
Through the barr'd foliage peers the latticed sky.
And hear the murmuring gale brush through the trees,
And gather compass like the distant seas.
How fresh the fragrance of the noon-dried grass,
Comes o'er the spirits as the breezes pass!
For, back and mid, in meads of mongrel kind,
Hay-wreaths, nor salt nor fresh, the mowers find.
See, o'er the lawn, humming from cell to cell,
The wild-bee rifling every honied bell.
Now bending o'er the Spring, with mock grimace,
Pouts up my spectre to salute my face;
While, on my finger, from the peopled cone,
Stings the small lancet of the stingless drone—
How oft has Fancy stung one to the bone!

Now, on the moss-bank, stretched at ease, I lie,
And pore thro' chequered fingers on the sky;
Thro' the blue plain, light fleece-clouds float away,
As on the lake, white swans, or melting spray;
The mind sails onward to the hour to come,
When o'er this sea, the soul is freighted home!

Pish! as yon beetle blurr'd my misted stare,
I shrunk, as thinking some great hawk was there.
See, round this stump, the tawny mushrooms spread,
Like things of hurried growth, least valued.
Cockroaches chirp, and painted flies waft on,
Singing, and dancing, 'till their summer's gone;
While, here, the blackened ground is all alive—
The prudent ants through winter may survive.

Slow as we pierce the briar, and tangled brake,
Glistening his eye darts on the striped snake.

I hate a snake—and yet I often pass,
And let the rebel slink off in the grass.
For why should we, weak pensioners for breath,
Crush a poor reptile to unneeded death?
I pity them, because they have no friend,
And what were we, did mercy not descend?

Now, lo, with dusky back and starry speck,
The amphibious tortoise, veering his thick neck;
Lumbering along, he stiffly pricks his tail,
Rich in his house, and trusting to his mail.
So we, too oft, in outward strength confide,
Unguarded of the ills that latent hide.

'Tis pleasant, when in sober russet suit,
Comes fallow Autumn, generous of fruit;
'Tis pleasant to go nutting:—First below,
Hugging the bark, they hitch, and up they go.
We spread a sheet, and hard the boughs assail,
And loud the nuts come rattling down like hail.
Others, beneath, the scattered boughs belay,
Beat a smart thrash, and blindfold scud away.
How sweet, at eve, close circled round the hearth,
To crack sweet nuts, and sweeter jokes in mirth;
And wish, as clouds portend, and winds rise higher,
Each foe as social glee, and warm a fire.

Ha! Bun? on haunches nibbling at the roots,
He frisks his brush, and up the tree he shoots.
Now, on the outmost branch, he perks his ears,
Springing, and peeping, at each breath he hears.
Now, to the left he whisks, in leaves to hide—
Alack! poor bun, thy quivering plume is spied!

Him have I seen in wiry cage confin'd,
With swing, and seeds, and nuts, his prison lin'd:
And yet, why seem'd he curious to escape!
Born free—he scorn'd control in any shape!
He'd rather hunt the woods, and starve, if free,
Than glut a slave, in splendid misery!

Down drop the leaves, the great leaves and the small,
Sallow and lifeless, to decay they fall.
Lo, sear and yellow, moist and red they lie,
So some emaciate, some from health we die.
The heart is sad!—the emblem is so true—
Yes, ye still monitors! we fall like you!

When Winter comes, with purpled nose and hands,
And shakes his flaky locks, and snows the lands;
How bright at morn, when nightly drizzlings freeze,
The fairy paradise of glassy trees,
Prismatic beam, and crackle in the breeze.

Here, in the winding creek that bounds one side,
The squirming eels in icy covert hide.
Where, by the slimy fisher's axe and spear,
Their shiver'd mirror, coiling snug, they hear.
Yet, all alive, he strips their skins amain,
And damns them that they wriggle with the pain!

Hark! hollowing to his team, the woodman, slow,
Jogs, till the axe redoubles, blow on blow;
Stiff stands the trunk, 'till cleft at last in sunder,
Cracking, it crashes, with a shock like thunder.
Echo, affrighted, bends her wondering ear,
And groans responses from her grotto near.

So stands the veteran, when his foes assail,
Greatly he falls, and echoing moans bewail.

Now Vesper reddening, veils her shame-fac'd head,
As the tir'd Sun sinks amorous to her bed;
So blush young virgins, finsh'd with love's alarms,
When their warm spouse is melting in their arms.
While I, as Twilight shuts the scene from view,
Turn my slow steps—lov'd Wicomb Spring—Adieu!

ORLAND AND EMMA.

A BALLAD.

“—— *dolenda canam: multa dolenda.*”—Ovid.

STAY, Sophy, stay your whirring wheel,
And, Reuben, stir the fire;
Come list ye to my sorrow-song,
And noisy mirth retire.

Young Orland was a gallant lad
As ever cross'd the seas;
His open heart, and manly port,
Could never fail but please.

His flowing trowsers they were blue,
His jerkin eke the same;
And when he wore his yellow plaid,
No sailor-boy he'd shame.

Not long ashore young Orland 'bode,
But lov'd the seas right well;
How hard he'd buff the briny wave,
His fate too soon will tell.

This gainsome lad had long been sail'd
On an East-India voyage;
He was the third on board the ship—
The ship call'd Good St. George.

His captain held him near his heart,
 Above the vulgar crew;
 And often said:—"To save this lad,
 "I'd part with any two."

Now Orland was on his return,
 And full of gibes and glee;
 For sooth, he was a drawing near,
 His bonnie Love to see.

For when embark'd on board the George,
 He left upon the strand,
 A maiden, who than all was dear—
 Next to his Native Land.

This maiden was of freshest age,
 Of beauty wondrous rare;
 "It was not easy on the earth,
 Such beauty to compare."

She was a maid 'twere love to eye,
 A heart of tender frame;
 She was a true and honest maid,
 And Emma was her name.

And when they parted on the shore,
 His lock of raven hair,
 He bade her braid into a ring,
 The lov'd bequest to wear.

The lock she took, and bade adieu,
 Then, sighing, bade again;
 So piteous sweet, it stony heart
 "Could riven have in twain."

I told he was on voyage home,
And joyful then was he;
For he remembered Emma's tears,
And thought her soon to see.

But Fate ordain'd it otherwise,
That they should never meet;
That Emma never more should hear
Him plighted vows repeat.

Now like a rising cloud was seen,
At distance on the seas,
A sail, and of the enemy,
Which all their blood did freeze.

The captain cried:—" My bonnie boys!
" Go, crowd the groaning sails!"—
The sails were urg'd—it serv'd for nought,
And every effort fails.

Now surging rides the corvette near,
Nor waits for no pretence;
But from her side the cannon pours,
Nor feels the weak defence.

For what can clumsy merchant-man
Against a war-ship do?—
When one has guns, and many men,
The other but a few?

Though they did fight like lions all,
And many heard their knell;
Yet soon was captur'd good St. George,
By Algier-Pirates fell.

The spicy laden from the ship,
 Could ill their theft suffice;
 But still, for lack of men, they left
 The ship to their surprise.

Now though they sorrow'd for their loss,
 Yet rightly glad they were,
 The enemy did spare the ship,
 Them o'er the main to bear.

Meanwhile the fight, young Orland fought,
 And braver fought there none;
 And much had he to sorrow for,
 Of what the Pirates done.

Next night, as in the George they sail'd,
 Not many leagues from home;
 While Orland in his hammock lay,
 A maid to him did come.

Her face was pale, and eke her hands,
 Her robe was lily white;—
 Young Orland knew the stranger form,
 Though more than mortal bright.

He swoon'd away, and lay awhile
 A kindred to the dead;
 But when awak'd his pulse again,
 The spectre to him said:—

“Young man! I am your Emma, come
 “From happier worlds to you;
 “I’ve travers’d o’er the seas afar,
 “To bid you one adieu.

“For more we never meet again,
“On earth no more abide;
“That hour I saw my Orland’s fate,
“I plung’d me in the tide.”

This said;—the form, it disappear’d,
As in a stream of light:—
His vein-blood slowly crept, and chill,
Until the morning bright.

Yet when the morrow to him came,
He strove to smile in vain;
Yet fain would think ’twere idle dream,
Hatch’d in a feverish brain.

For on the scroll in Emma’s hand,
He spelt in crimson hue;
“Orland”—writ on the roll of Fate,
And there saw—“Emma”—too.

Now near the strand the vessel moors—
“Heave ye a’!”—the shore-boat buoys;
The sight his boding fears o’ercomes,
And forlorn hope o’erjoys;—

For mid the crowd, with outstretch’d arms,
He spies his Emma stand;
She pointed to the braided ring,
That deck’d her lily hand.

His heart the tarrying of the boat,
Impetuous rush’d before;
And, thoughtless, div’d he in the tide,
To sooner gain the shore.

He swam, I ween, two halsers length,
While Emma saw him come,
With joy and fear her bosom throb'd—
—She little thought her doom!

Now near he breasts the sturdy wave—
Wo! wo!—the spectre dream!
An alligator bit him twain—
Blood-monster of the stream!

His Emma saw the purple flood,
That gush'd from Orland's side;
She thought she heard him "Emma" shriek.
And lost him in the tide.

"O Orland! Orland!"—Emma cried,
"To be thy bride, I crave;
"Oh! take me, take me to thine arms,
"And wed me in the wave."

"For I will share my Orland's fate—
"His Emma lov'd him true!"
Then rais'd to Heaven her suppliant eyes,
And, frantic,—plung'd adieu.

Ah! hapless Maid!—a long adieu!
Farewell to Orland brave!
The tender heart shall drop the tear,
To swell your watery grave!

It doubts me much, if e'er again,
Lovers so true will prove;
It doubts me much, if lovers now,
Would give such proof of love.

OLD AUNT GYSE.

I do not love thee, Old Aunt Gyse!
Thy shrivell'd face, thy rheumy eyes,
 And hands like turkey's claws;
I cannot bear thy powder'd nose,
Thy yellow teeth in trembling rows,
Thy gray-hairs flying where one goes,
 And voice of treble jars.

I loathe to see thy dirty cap,
Thine apron patch'd all o'er thy lap,
 And shawl all hung awry;
I shudder at thy tottering gait,
Thy head that can't thy steps await,
Telling thy birth of ancient date,
 And proving death can't die.

Now I never would old age despise,
And I should pity thee, Aunt Gyse,
 And every comfort give;
But fretful thou, and apt to scold,
And spiteful when thine age is told,
As if twice forty look'd not old,
 And thou might Time outlive.

I quere much, though seem it droll,
Thy body, Aunty, hath no soul,
 To live when laid below;

I'm sure in Heaven thou can'st not dwell!
 And much I doubt if thine old shell,
 Would pleasure Beelzy very well,
 So where else can'st thou go?

I could give twenty reasons, why
 'Twere better, Aunty, thou should'st die,
 Off-hand, the first good leisure;
 For what hast thou to do with life?—
 Thou art not mother, friend, nor wife,
 And hast no element but strife,
 And, but in snuff, no pleasure.

Now, what I've said, forgive, Aunt Gyse,
 For well thou know'st I've told no lies,
 But favour'd thee extremely;
 But know, good Aunty, that I hate
 Thy rotten hulk, thy veering pate,
 Thy dirty rigging, foundering gait,
 And cargo spite, supremely!

THE FAY.

New hold your tongue, and prick your ear,
And you my wondrous song shall hear.
The lineage, death, and fiendish play,
Of foundling Wod, an Elfin Fay.
All true as honest truth can be,
If any doubt, come doubt to me,
And I'll convince you, one and all,
You're noodles to be sceptical.

Cousins, deem not my song would tell
The freakish tricks, and fairy spell,
Of Gylbin, him, who dar'd to look
Into that wondrous magic book,
Which Deloraine i'th' cell had found,
And stolen while the dead man frown'd;
Torn from the hand of Michael Scott,
The wizard fam'd—who knows him not?

'Twas on one dismal, windy night,
I found the Imp, in wretched plight,
Shrieking, stretch'd on the wave afloat,
And rescued in my timely boat.
Alas! could but the friendly wave
Have wrapt the sprite in mortal grave!

His origin I learnt soon after,
And quak'd for fright, and shook for laughter.

The witch, old Redeye, was his Dame,
Gray, shrivell'd, toothless, purblind, lame;
Some think he had no Sire, or rather,
That cloven Hornie was his father.
His childing Dame biennial spread.
Ere the half-earthly Imp was bred.

I've heard of stick so crooked, it
Was always in a moving fit;
So this young rogue was never still,
When mirth, or mischief mov'd his will.
All shapes Protëan he could take,
Giant or dwarf, or priest or rake.
Narcissus now, or Cupid fair,
With azure eye, and golden hair;
Then laugh or limp, buffoon or beggar,
Ugly and comic as Heidegger
Then, changing sex, a Daphne move,
As Psyche fair seducing Love,
With eyes that shoot delicious fire,
And bosom bumping with desire.
Then, turn a dame, more hideous far,
Than Leonarda, in Gil Blas;
And with a withering laugh and grin,
Pinch, like a vice, with nose and chin;
So seam'd and scath'd, in every feature,
A she-burlesque on human nature;
Shaking more curses from her locks,
Than issued from Pandora's box.

I've seen his hair, like hedge-hog quill,
Bristle and shoot, and hornets kill;

Like telescopes, his jutting eyes,
Protrude, and o'er his shoulders poise;
I've seen his arm stretch long and far,
Until his finger touch'd a star;
One day, he'd be as May-pole narrow,
Next, wheel his belly on a barrow.
I've seen him turn his loosening skin,
So that the outward side was in;
A headless trunk, I've seen him stand,
Dandling his head within his hand;
Sometimes, when seem'd but one was by,
His presence he would multiply,
And lo! two Wods, as like as brother,
And each impostor call the other;
While easily might pipe be lit,
From corruscations of their wit.
I've seen him on sea-billows go,
As man on snow-shoes on the snow;
Or if to cross on bridge he chose,
He'd walk upon his lengthening nose.
A flying meteor once he saddled,
And cantering through the air he straddled.
Once from a spire so hard he rush'd,
His legs within his body crush'd,
And straight his arms to pinions grew,
And off with hideous sneer he flew;
And, short while after, he was found,
In guise, that mortal might astound;
So unlike thing of heavenly birth,
Or on, or round, or 'neath the earth,
In temper, manner, face, and limb,
'Twere not profane to worship him;
For he, on Earth, in Heaven, or Hell,
Were perfect indescribable.

He scar'd our Parson once as much,
As he'd been claw'd in Hornie's clutch;
For when his sermon half was done,
Lo, Tobin's play, the Honey Moon!

Once, since he ow'd the bride a spite,
He swoon'd fair Joan the wedding night;
And when her Jess would take her hand,
Behold a great black negro stand.

In better mood he would be seen,
A Lilliputian, spruce and clean;
And hold the maids in dalliance dear,
As fierce gallant as chanticleer;
And 'mong them cut as queer a figure,
As to Titania, 'Squire Pigwigger.

Once in the form of playful kitten,
I found him snug in woolen mitten,
From out which sudden did he souse,
And grip'd a little pilfering mouse,
Whose tapering tail he did unscrew,
To make himself a 'squirish cue.

I've seen him down a moonbeam slide,
And thwart old Redeye's nipple stride;
For Summer weld snow flakes together,
And bottle sun-beams for cold weather;
Make minnow-hooks of spinner's shin,
Of spider's films a midget-gin;
Fetter the fetlocks of a fly,
Or noose on his proboscis tie;

And, in the pool, long voyage sail,
His skiff a tadpole's wriggly tail;
And blow a reed, so loud, so long,
He'd lose his breath, and die in song.

I think he was from Tophet sent,
For mortal grief and merriment;
And that, at length, his Guards did send,
To carry back the banish'd Fiend.
For when within no mortal stirr'd,
Three thumps upon the floor were heard;
And when within no mortal spake,
Three shrieks upon the silence brake;
And bluish flames in dusky gloom,
Sent smells of sulphur round the room;
Then, horror-struck, the glaring Elf,
Yell'd, strain'd, and swallow'd up himself.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

Showing how a Wizard made a terrible vow to invent a Perpetual Motion, and how a young Lady was ground into meal, and afterwards came to life again, and how the Wizard forfeited his vow, and did penance to Beelzebub.—*In the style of the German Ballads.*

On the banks of the Schuylkill, liv'd young Adelaide;
She was sweet to the heart, and was fair to the eye;
The gallant when passing would leer at the maid,
And the lover would sigh that such beauty must fade,
And the friend that such goodness must die.

One morn rose the sun, and rose Adelaide fair,
To meet health on the breeze-scented hill;
When, abash'd, she espied, with a hesitant air,
A Youth, who though drooping, and pallid, and spare,
Had such charms her young heart was not still.

Assur'd by her eye, he all tremulous came:—

“O pity me, Adelaide sweet!

“Whose heart is consum'd by a long-smother'd flame;

“O mock not my passion, though humble my fame,

“While I breathe out my soul at your feet.”

‘Nay, arise,’ cried the maid, ‘that thou never shalt do,

‘If the balm of concession can save.’

She said—then as flutter'd she bent down her view,

‘O mercy! who art thou?’—his eye-balls flash'd blue

And his breath seem'd to come from the grave!

She look'd, and beheld balloon-shoes on his feet,
And two broad sooty pinions unfurl'd;
Then griping the wrists of his Adelaide sweet,
And treading the air, he sail'd onward so fleet,
Like a Gnome of the Stygian world!

Obliquely he soar'd to a blood-chilling height,
With the maid sprawling over his back;
Then sloping, and cowering, he slacken'd his flight,
While the tenants of air all scream'd with affright,
At the sulphurous fumes in his track.

"I have won!" quoth the Wizard, and chuckling alighted,
Where the Chesnut-Hill mill-waters play'd;
"O Death and Virginity!" shriek'd the affrighted;
While the mechanist Wizard her agonies slighted,
And grinn'd as his prize he survey'd.

Now he Adelaide seiz'd by the nape of her neck,
And he crowded her into a Mill;
Down settles her symmetry all to a wreck,
It seem'd he had lost not a mole, nor a speck,
That a midget's proboscis would fill.

Now he takes of the meal of her body so ground,
And its components kneads to a frame;
He had sworn, that, unless he the principle found
Of Perpetual Motion, he'd brook to be bound,
And the Devil his service should claim.

And now arose circles, and quadrants, to view,
All shap'd from her flesh, and her bone;
The exterior simple, the complexure was new,

Of the bearings of which, none on earth had the clew,
Save the Wizard—*Redheifer* alone.

'Twas a puzzling commixture of curious springs,
Of great wheels, and little wheels too;
Of stops, and of chains, and of unchristened things;
But, Lord! the loud shrieks that through the mill rings,
When, 'sdeath! he no main-spring could view!

"I am dead!" howl'd the Wizard, and roll'd round his eyes,
To explore if the maid were all ground?
Then, distraction to speak! he beheld with surprise,
Two whole thirds of her tongue, and while to it he flies,
The old cat whisk'd it off at a bound.

"It is lost!"—groan'd the Wizard,—“all earth shall be-
wail!”

And the Devil came blazing-hot in;
Joy, Wizard! now mount on the sting of my tail;
Thou shalt be my King-blacksmith 'till iron shall fail,
“And shoe my odd hoof for your sin.”

Then leering as sweet as a Devil could leer:—

“Adelaide! stand alive on the floor!”

Then, lo! see the Maid of the Schuylkill appear,
Entire save her tongue, and more lovely than e'er,
For she talk'd not so fast as before.

THE SCIENCES IN MASQUERADE.

In form of a Poetical Advertisement.

DEDICATED ON MY KNEES TO ALL THE PEDAGOGUES IN NORTH
AMERICA, AND IN PHILADELPHIA.

Second Edition.—The objectionable parts omitted.

Yo ho! to whomso wants Instructor,
Be this the magnet and conductor.
And lest, prejudg'd, you dare impeach
My competence, list what I teach;
Provided that, where seed is sown,
Pupils to hoe it buckle down.

For base of Learning first we hammer
In youths, the buttments of a GRAMMAR.
As many ingredients form a cake;
One body, different members make;
A town, men of dissentient station;
And states subservient are a nation;
So sentences are *parts of speech*,
Concatenated each to each.
Though Pestalozzi, that fam'd Swiss,
Would all but *two or three* dismiss;
And Jonathan G***t, by patent wise,
Will teach ye Grammar by your *eyes*.

But howe'er light your fancies blow 'em,
The man who writes correct must know 'em.

Hiatus.

How Frenchmen clip *th* to *n*,
And Welchmen chew a *n* to *r*.
How many a Briton, graceless rogue,
Shurks *n* from lingual catalogue.
How, like the Lion, is old *a*,
Aye follow'd by his jackall *u*.
From Gaffer Lily's dry horn-book,
To whimsical and learn'd Horne Tooke.

Dead Languages, though dolts may scout 'em,
No man a scholar is without 'em.
And morals pure, and thoughts sublime,
Will well reward the loss of time.
And these, imbib'd by slow progression,
Will stamp indelible impression.
And thus, ere lore abstruser bind,
Give a momentum to the mind.
And *LATIN*, though ye deem it dry,
Has tales will make ye laugh and cry.
How when, Troy burning, he must pack,
Ænëas bore his Sire 'poose-back;
And while he and his household fly did,
His wife got lost, and lagging die did.
How love-sick Dido burnt to ashes,
And how her Bully Turnus thrashes.
Next pipe with Horace, dulcior melle,
That clownish Ode—Beatus ille.
His squabbles with his mistress Lydia;
The talismans of witch Canidia;
How, *horesco referens*, he writ
Pocula nascitur—NON FIT.

Of Sallust's pith, which made divine
That rebel rascal Cataline.
Of Tully's Ego, and spoutations,
Which rivall'd our July Orations.
Of Livy's fables truth supporting,
And Ovid's trees and rivers courting.
Catullus' blubberings o'er a sparrow,
And Juvenal's satiric harrow.
And these to scan, I'll make them chime,
Leonine monkish Latin rhyme.

Latin now left, I haste to speak,
Of more mellifluous, copious GREEK.
And youngers here, as style inflects,
Must changes ring of dialects.
Here, Homer, the blind fiddler, teaches
The fisticuffs, and kicks 'n th' breeches,
Of mad Achilles, and his foemen,
And all about a stolen kept-woman.
Then, how like Sinbad, that famed rover,
Ulysses cruis'd the high-seas over.
How, with his tars, in giant's cave,
In Cyclops' paunch six found their grave;
And how the rest, when doom'd to die,
Bor'd with hot spit his sputtering eye;
And while with yells he rous'd from sleep,
They 'scap'd by clinging 'neath his sheep.
How Lyssy's Nel, though but a spinner,
Had swarms of suitors fain would win her;
But yet, for fear he'd come and whip her,
She still kept true to her old skipper.
Of Hesiod's Gods the rapes and plunder;
Demosthenes' Philippic thunder.

Of Pindar's gymnastic hysterics,
And halt Tyrtæus' martial lyrics.
Anacreon's Cupid and his Dove,
Moschus' and Bion's Dirge of Love.
Of honey-mouth'd Isocrates,
And pustulous Thucydides.
Of Lucian in dead-wit a Don,
And Addisonian Xenophon.
All these transversion'd, though of merit,
Are like dead bodies without spirit.
And those, who with the dead confer,
Should blush to use interpreter.

Of HEBREW, talk'd by Adam and Eve,
The importance who does not perceive?
The tongue like quails and manna given,
And spoke, as Hebraists say, in Heaven.
Yet there are sceptics seem to think
Some spiders dipp'd their toes in ink,
And setting up their antic capers,
Left Hebrew letters on some papers.
This language at the end begins,
So, losing ground, the learner wins.
Thus boatmen, delving as they row,
While backward bending, forward go.
Thus, on the ram, did Jinny Shore
Ride penance, with her back before.
He, who would for soul-doctor fit,
In Hebrew should con Holy-Writ.
But lest it rive young throats asunder,
First, daily gargle guttural thunder;

Your pipes with treacle lubricate,
 Dry cherry-stones your larynx grate,
 Or often retch to eructate.
 A Lord High Bishop, I might cite,
 Who fil'd his teeth to brogue it right.
 Yet of the accent we're bereft,
 Since Adam no Chaldee Grammar left.
 This language simple needs short time,
 When well digested a paradigm.
 We'll plant the *roots*, I shrewdly guess,
 'Twill foliate, and effloresce.

Now from these defunct regions fly,
 To fertilized GEOGRAPHY.
 This dirty earth-ball, how it rolls
 Upon its axle-tree—the poles.
 Not by two devils, grim and lank,
 Turn'd, as some think, with iron crank.
 How it, by counter-buffets driven,
 Wheels through the great cart-road of heaven.
 How, bowling in circumfluent void,
 It seems a huge soap-bubble buoy'd.
 How evolving to the sun 'tis fitted,
 As to the fire a porket spitted.
 How shap'd like orange, not pancake,
 The seas enwreath it like a snake.
 With liquid lava central shut,
 Like milk in shell of cocoa-nut.
 Or monstrous magnet at its birth,
 Was plac'd to draw men's legs to earth.
 How sedentary man's a rover,
 And once a day his heels head over.
 And how our fathers never knew,
The earth had any thing to do;

But thought 'twas indolent as they,
Standing stock-still the live-long day.
Where divers tribes live, teach will I,
The inhuman Anthropophagæ,
The roving Arab, bearded Jew,
The wooly Ethiop, bronze Hindoo;
What Isle like Tyrant's heart is rounded;
What Clime like boot and spur is bounded;
How Wales was named from bleating goat;
And how some Isles, like krakens, float.
And in what cringing, roasting spots,
Kamtschatkans dose, or Hottentots.
And how a land in Scythia shows,
Natives with *heels* all *arm'd* with *tees*.
Why explorators lose their way so,
In Andes' night-cap—Chimborazo.
In Switzerland show cliffs outspread,
Rough as the rocks in Marble-head.
Where glaciers piled on glaciers gleam,
And cool the blood without ice-cream.
Where cataracts astound the ear,
Mere whispers to Niagara.
Where bearish Russians, long narcotic,
Roused as New-England patriotic.
Circassian girls show half as fair,
As nymphs in Philadelphia are.
And in and south of our Virginia,
Exotics show from coast of Guinea.
And where are found the prairie dogs,
Mammoths, bone-licks, and horned frogs.

Next HISTORY comes, like tattling nurse,
With tales from Adam down to us.

Ransacks Oblivion's archives old,
 Scrolls clasp'd with webs, and gilt with mould.
 The ingress, progress, and egress,
 Of savage hordes the wilderness.
 The babehood, manhood, and relations,
 The kicks and cuffs of polished nations.
 How Lord Monboddo clearly shows,
 We once wore tails like apes and cows.
 Of Eras past trace every stage,
 From golden to this paper age.
 Grac'd or disgrac'd, deform'd or fair,
 Unveil'd, I'll show them as they are;
 Scorning to screen from fear or thrift,
 For Truth, says Penn, need wear no shift.
 And Knickerbocker, gravest name!
 For simple facts, got top of fame.

Next Logic comes, a diving-bell,
 To fish up truth submerg'd in well.
 Worm out the seeds of sophistry,
 And roots plant in profundity;
 Dark truth reflect by syllogism,
 As light's examin'd by a prism.
 A *woman's* what?—"a reasoning creature."
 But *man*—he also reasons better;
 Ergo—while both are called human,
 It clearly proves a *man's* a *woman*.
 And how a man of seventy-five,
 Hath stronger hopes than youth to live;
 And this the natural logic why—
 Ten youths to one of that age die.
 So, if a man call me a brute,
 And I'd the beastly charge refute;

The modern logic to annul it,
 Is to be shot through by a bullet.
 So once, in eleven months, a wit
 Did for a college-entrance sit,
 And, one year forward being admitted,
 In less than no time he was fitted.
 How syllogisms of logic fly,
 Before the magic of an eye.
 Logic the judgment serves to urge,
 As in a watch the needful virge.

Come next, and learn in high ecstasies,
 From Logic's brother MATHEMATICS.
 How numbers breed by copulation;
 How symbols curtail computation.
 In algebra negations show,
 Are less than nought, not nought ergo.
 How with — — —
 And *two* but *one* with Hymen be;
 And yet that *one*, not long before,
 Will be increas'd to *three* or *more*.
 Prove *three* are *six* with sophistacre,
 And *twelve* are *fourteen* with a baker.
 And how dyadic *one* and *nought*,
 Cut complex operations short.
 How no triangles can be made,
 But circles may the corners thread.
 Measure a lock of wool, if need,
 Or peryphery of a mustard seed.
 In load of brush show th' inches in;
 Draw lines meridian by a pin;
 Show sectors by apportion'd pie;
 Degrees, by bend of shin and thigh:

Intersected parallels by ladder;
And measure altitudes by shadow.
How many steps we walk, infer
From Monticel' pedometer.
By girdled melon show a zone;
By Yankee-loaf truncated cone.
By my own pate oblate spheroid,
And trundle a hoop to sweep cycloid.
And how two lines of spiral flection,
Approach forever without section.
Why, on a wheel, the part that's found
Farthest from that which prints the ground;
Up hill, down dale, faster, or slower,
The outer part goes than the lower.
And why, who round this planet wheels,
His head goes faster than his heels.


Now, at a tangent, off we fly
To NATURE's bland PHILOSOPHY.
How matter attraction coalesces,
Like man and wife in close caresses;
Disrupt, together wont be forc'd,
No more than man and wife divorc'd.
And show Redheifer's whim a notion,
That rest can generate a motion.
With oary wing, and rudder tail,
How navigating condors sail.
How if our central-base we lose,
We tumble headlong on our nose.
With pulleys how men giants grow;
Why sleeps a top on pivot toe.
Of pendulums, why th' oscillation,
Is inverse ratio of gravitation.

How, by the time a length of string
And lead, vibrating, take to swing,
We, vice versa, can th' ells show, -
'n ten minutes worth of callico. .
How bones and muscles act the lever,
Why fluids at a plain endeavour.
And hark!—that water-spirit's scream—
Fulton has gone to heaven by steam!*

Why drowning man may live and swim,
If, save his mouth, immerg'd each limb:
How a thimble full of water may
On equipoise the ocean weigh.
Curves parabolic neatly show,
By spouting jet, or m*****g cow.
How air 's a fluid, solid stuff,
Else miracles were seen enough;
Feathers and smoke would drop like lead,
And aeronauts had never bled.
How sucking babes, by instinct's law,
The nipple, like an air pump, draw.
Why empty bottles, in the river,
If tightly corked, will crush to shiver.
How air oft hits its pate a knock,
And bawls for echo at the shock.
How sound is when the atmosphere
Tattoos the drum-head of the ear.
How, as a lamp its beamings sheds,
Concussive sound outcircling spreads.

* Do not think that I would treat with levity the death of so estimable a man. I mean that, by his useful application of the propelling power of *steam* to river navigation, his *funerary* has risen to heaven, and I humbly trust his soul too. There is not one allusion in this piece, which is not made in perfect good humour.

How light and heat are warm mess-fellows,
And human lungs a pair of bellows.
How up the sun hot sweating draws,
And down tug gravitation's laws.
How motions down accelerate,
In ratio of bodies height and weight.
And why a stone, in vacuum thrown, -
Will not fall up as well as down.
How cold makes thick, and heat makes thin,
Water and air, and glass and tin.
In eggs, how when the young is picking,
The air-bag's midwife to the chicken.
Why the sun's rays no heat dispense,
Except pass'd thro' a medium dense;
And mounts that stare him in the face,
Have ice at top, and grass at base.
How rays of brighter light, or duller,
Refracted diversely, give colour;
And falling globules, glancing, show
That beauteous arch—the covenant bow.
How lightning's burst electric matter,
Thunder, perturbed air'n a clatter.
Earthquakes, tornades, et cetera,
Electrical phenomena.
Why magnets tug thro' wood and water;
Why weight 's decreas'd at the equator.
Why sparkling from a cat's back flies;
Why see *one* object with *two* eyes.
What somersets an object makes,
Ere on the nerve its profile takes,
Within the camera of the eye;
Of warring specs the reason why.



The principles on which a glass,
Reflects the beauties of a lass.
How, spite of our unaided senses,
Nothing is something made by lenses;
Even animalculæ so small,
Myriads are less than nought at all.

NOW METAPHYSICS, if you please;
Of mind the thin hypotheses;
What ideal nations, rude, refin'd,
People the regions of the mind.
How, male or female, we conceive;
From consciousness how we believe.
And how association's hook
Bobs idées from oblivion's brook;
How they in Indian file tag on,
And in battalions form anon.
Whether ideas have heads and tails,
And whether females most, or males.
And how, for truth, we never know
If we 're awake, or dream we 're so;
At least, my consciousness' so slight,
I seem to sleep while now I write.
How mind, tho' higher in life's station,
Is humble matter's near relation.
But Idealists no *matter* find,
Materialists say there 's no *mind*;
So while they mould and melt each other,
I think there's neither one nor t'other.
How effluvia sans *façon* fly,
And daub a picture in your eye.
How eternity's a circle wide;
Time, line of points which coincide.

Prove wit and judgment kindred are,
 Sterne-like by knobs upon a chair;
 Tho' Johnson judgment, Garrick wit,
 Would sometimes have a breaching fit.
 Wit is a firework scintillating;
 Genius a warm sun radiating.
 That Nature is with plenum full,
 Disprove by many a vacant scull;
 Besides, our stomachs oft repeat
 A gaunt necessity to eat.
 But, last, if vacuum be, or plenum,
 Vir et puella — — —
 How Reid and Stewart dare to knock
 The pates of great Malebranche and Locke.
 How virtue, says Deacon Paley, is
 Swop of good life for future bliss.
 How ideal Berkeley, specious Hume,
 Are flash 'n th' pan, t' explode in fume.

Now raise your eyes and thoughts on high,
 While we treat OURANOGRAPHY.
 How mottled skies are overspread,
 Like patchwork curtains o'er a bed,
 Or huge umbrella over head.
 How like a pumpkin is the sun,
 Tho' somewhat bigger—ten to one.
 How peasants watch in fob despise
 Who have their sundial in the skies.
 And how the moon, in black adorning,
 Does for her sins oft go in mourning.
 How she tugs up the lazy tides;
 And over lunatics presides.
 How on her face are countries many,
 Fertile as our Louisiana.

How near Lake Niger, we can spy
St. Katy's cliff-tops one mile high.
How they a fortnight wake and fight,
And kick and snore a fortnight night.
How Venus ogles for a buss;
And Saturn wears a monstrous truss.
Each planet round show satellites,
As round a Czar his parasites.
And how the music of the spheres,
Which captivates aërial ears,
Is but the wrench of planets bowling,
As creaks a sugar-hogshead rolling.
Show why the fixt-stars are so lazy;
And why dishevell'd comets crazy.
How when we see a blazing star;
The Moonites drop a lit cigar.
How one-eyed day hath Cyclops' sight,
And Argus blinking apes the night.
How day a circle's segment curves;
How noon for morn stargazers serves.
Disprove our note of time as vicious,
By blunder of stupid Dionysius;
Whose errors being so long repeated;
Our Christian Era's four years cheated.

OF CHEMISTRY we may assert,
'Tis a white frock emboss'd with dirt.
Shows to analyze the elements,
And decompose constituents.
What gases in the air embody,
For inspiration, like rum-toddy,
Call'd nitrog: oxig: atmosphere,
Just dash'd with carbone vinegar.

How plants impassive vegetate;
What will, what wont, amalgamate.
As heat be nothing but sensation,
How we o'er fire force congelation.
How flannel, paradox to fools,
In winter warms, in summer cools.
From marble and ice caloric bring;
To charcoal solve a diamond ring.
How power galvanic life rewins,
Makes dead frogs dance like harlequins.
Prove, as things corporate with each other,
We, cannibals, eat one another.
How cookwenches, without display,
Are chemists practical each day.
But mortal chemists ne'er we see,
Beat Nature's alchymist, the bee.

Science and Arts now aid concentre,
While we upon BELLES-LETTRES venture.
Show Taste and Genius are related,
Though Genius to higher honours rated.
Genius, a diamond in the mine,
Science must polish ere it shine.
Taste, altho' born from tutor'd nature,
In different minds shows different feature.
So Flaccus needs non demonstrandum,
De gustibus non disputandum.
To form a taste in tongue vernacular,
I'll point the classics long oracular.
From Johnson's lapidary prose,
To Goldy's verdant, limpid flows.
From noonday style of Washington,
To twilight phrase of *****.

Show ballast sense needs fancy's sail,
As ships becalm for want of gale.
All useless epithets clip down,
As Noah Webster docks a noun.
Dissect a sentence, or compose,
And dress ideas in Sunday clothes.
Show how to scribble pretty letters,
To our dependants, or our betters.
How, though dull heads no difference tell,
Prose is a drab, and verse a belle.
Show modern books so flat are wrought,
We seldom stumble o'er a thought.
Wiseacres yet can works afford,
Which spread and die, like Jonah's gourd.
Mere gall and sweetbread, lights and reins,
Mere caput mortuums without brains.
Great birds lay once or twice at best,
While small ones fill with eggs their nest.
Old bards toil'd long for fruit and flowers,
While weeds and leaves are snatch'd by ours.
Except, perchance, you may descry,
Some half a dozen—such as I.

And now, in public, to dispense
Their learning calls for ELOQUENCE.
Yet discipline of mien and tongue,
Should be commenc'd when years are young;
When tones and muscles, limb and eye,
Bias imbibe progressively.
To spout Apollo in his glory,
Read Gully's talks De Oratore.
Not forward reel in sailor's waddle,
Nor stand like andiron a-straddle.

Not stiff like stake nail'd to the floor,
Nor wheel like slovenly barn door.
Ape not the handle of a pump,
Nor like a posture-master jump.
Nor knit your brows, and screw your pipes,
As if you writhed with cholic gripes.
Nor blow a blast upon your nose,
Before your bowls of lips disclose.
Nor deaf the auditors like bell,
Nor mumble like a mouse 'n a shell.
Nor crucify the pained ear,
With piercing lungs of chanticleer.
Nor sneak and whine, and snottle out,
As if your sounding-board 's your snout.
Would'st hopes arouse, or allay fears,
Gestures and eyes be pioneers.
With gentle breeze attention bind,
Then gather compass like the wind.
With lightning glance indifference sunder,
And argument peal on like thunder.
If this all fail—your pathos try,
Snivel yourself, and pipe your eye.
Be earnest—tone and eye intent—
Be natural—and be eloquent.

Now having seen my skeleton,
Judge of the fabric by the bone.
If I were quack, I'd puff for bait,
Sed sapienti—verbum sat.
Tyros this course will learn with ease,
If not non mentis compotes.
If to one branch our genius shoot,
The seeds of all we first must root.

For sciences and arts are kin,
Says Mark of Rome a speechment in;
They at one table all are fed,
And lie spoon-fashion in one bed;
And though at points they disagree,
They 're genus fratrum nobile.

Yet some in purse to save nine pence,
Omit to gain a pound of sense.
Think, if not born to church or forum,
They'd best remain vulgus vulgorum.
Think scholars, miners, waste their breath,
Like dungeon'd Trenck, in living death.
Sure to grow wise they do amiss,
If ignorance be superior bliss;
Yet, tho' their lands and bellies thrive,
They do but vegetate—not live.

Some work with Locke's or Milton's tools,
Or Cowper's Tirocinium rules.
Choose Private Tutors for their knowledge,
And spurn the shackles of a College;
Where genius cramped is, judgment bound,
Like mettled steed within a pound.
Yet Colleges are sure good places,
To cement rudiments, as bases,
On which, mayhap, in after days,
Some literary dome may raise.
Lo! constellated Genius soar,
In Harvard's galaxy of lore!

In modern days, 'tis quite in vogue,
To be a stiff-tail'd pedagogue.

And yet, most oft, tame passive fools,
Are fitted best for drilling schools.
Delightful task!—a Scottish lie!
Or Jemmy spoke in irony;
Delightful task! to plant the root,
And teach ideas how to shoot!
I'd rather trundle a wheelbarrow,
Or wheeze like toad beneath a harrow.
Yet, while for the Church initiate,
Would in this way my purse propitiate;
And, like a patriot, now engage,
To rectify this crooked age.

Sophists enlisted 'neath my banner,
I'll discipline them in this manner.
With books for flint, for hammers thought,
Is learning by collision wrought.
As hardiest trees but tardy grow,
A manly judgment ripens slow.
At each new bar must pupils stop,
Ere Science scale the ladder's top.
Though self-sufficient as a soph,
I'll make their pride mount down, and doff.
Aid application as art can do,
Both mongendoque delectando.
Bind eye and page by action chemic,
Make emulation epidemic.
And though obtuse as blunted axe,
Their wits to sharpen be my tax.
And if in temper they're elastic,
I'll be like bruin with tongue plastic;
As honey, from reason we infer,
Fattens more flies than vinegar;

But switch, them, sullen, till they grow
Supine as farmer's hackled tow.
Expulsion shall all clodpates wean,
As headach 's cur'd by guillotine.
The rest with learning, heap'd and shaken,
Will wizards be, like Friar Bacon;
Their knowledge lock'd so none can key it,
Their fame so high that none can see it.
But, if ye question my virility,
And spirit judge above ability;
To all these loud monitions deaf—
God help your awful unbelief!
And lest ye lucre think may sway me,
I 'll teach for nothing, if ye 'll pay me.

Inquire for me, a sourfac'd Wight,
Nomer'd HENRY COGSWELL KNIGHT.

TRANSLATIONS.

Symphosii:—FORTUNA.

O Fortuna potens, quàm variabilis,
Tantum iuris atrox quæ tibi vendicas.
Euertisq. bonis, eligis improbos,
Nec seruare potes muneribus fidem.
Fortuna immeritos auget honoribus;
Fortuna innocuos cladibus afficit.
Justos illa viros pauperie grauat;
Indignos cadem diuitijs beat.
Hæc aufert iuuenes, et retinet senes,
Iniusto arbitrio tempora diuidens.
Quod dignis adimit, transit ad impios,
Nec discrimen habet, rectaue iudicat,
Inconstans, fragilis, perfida, lubrica:
Nec quos clarificat, perpetuò fouet;
Nec quos deseruit, perpetuò premit.

FORTUNE.—From Symphosius.

Oh Fortune, changing every hour,
Cruel, as boastful of your power.
You shun the good, the wicked choose,
And to the just their meed refuse.
Fortune the bad with honours fills,
And grinds the innocent with ills.
The industrious are with famine prest,
The indolent on dainties feast.

With partial eye our years are told,
 She takes the young, and leaves the old.
 What from the worthy Fortune snatches,
 The impious by her favour catches.
 Inconstant, weak, perfidious, blind,
 Careless, she never knows her mind.
 Those, whom to-day, she trumps and nurses,
 To-morrow, she lampoons and curses;
 And, whom to-day, she taunts and presses,
 To-morrow she relieves, and blesses.

—
Bonifonii Basium XXIX.

Comparat malum suum Venereum cum malo Promethei, Tityi, Sisyphi, &c.

Nec cœlum assiduo madescit imbre,
 Nec mare assiduis tumet procellis:
 At mihi assiduo imbre lachrymarum
 Ora tota madent, mihiq; pectus
 Curarum assiduis tumet procellis.
 Non terras petit usque et usque fulmen:
 At me fulminibus nocentiora
 Usque tela petunt, et usque flammæ.
 Non semper miserum vorat Prometheum,
 Nec semper Tityum malignus ales:
 At malignior.usque mî Cupido
 Et fibras vorat, et vorat medullas.
 Non Ixiona Sisypumve pondus
 Urget perpetuum: at mihi perenne
 Pondus incubat; at me et usque et usque
 Dolorum rapit orbis inquietus.
 O me ter miserum, ô nimis sinistro
 Natum sydere, Disque inauspicatiss.

BASIUM 29TH. OF BONEFONS.

He compares the vehemence of his passion to the sufferings of Prometheus, Tityus, Sisyphus, &c.

Not always rains the skies deform,
Nor always swell the seas with storm;
Yet daily showers flow down mine eyes,
And swells my breast with daily sighs.
Though sometimes lightning spares the plain,
By ceaseless shafts my peace is slain.
Sometimes the ravenous vultures rest
From Tityus' and Prometheus' breast.
But Love, with more malicious art,
Still tears the life-strings of my heart.
Ixion's wheel will sometimes cease,
And Sisyphus his load may ease;
Yet daily cares my spirits bend,
And dizzying griefs my comforts rend.
Oh hapless me! too cruel state!
The Gods mock at my ill-starr'd fate!

Ausonii.—AD CRISPAM.

Deformem quidam te dicunt, Crispa: at ego istud
Nescio: mi pulchra es, iudice me satis est.
Quin etiam cupio, junctus quia zelus amori est,
Ut videre aliis fæda, decora mihi.

TO CRISPA.—*From Ausonius.*

Crispa, some say you are deform'd; but, zealous,
My partial eyes see nought but symmetry;
But I am pleas'd—for true love will be jealous—
You look to others ill—but fair to me!

Ausonius:—DE DIVITE ET PAUPERE.

Non est dives opum dives, nec pauper inopsque
 Infelix: alio nec magis alter eget.
 Dives eget gemmis, cereali munere pauper.
 Sed quum egeant ambo, pauper egens minus est.

ON THE RICH AND POOR.—*From Ausonius.*

The splendid man's not rich, nor ragged, poor;
 Nor is the rich less greedy;
 The prince needs jewels, and coarse bread the boor,
 Thus is the poor less needy.

Ausonius:—IN BUCULAM ÆREAM MYRONIS

Bucula sum, cælo genitoris facta Myronis
 Ærea: nec factam me puto, sed genitam.
 Sic me taurus init: sic proxima bucula mugit:
 Sic vitulus sitiens ubera nostra petit.
 Miraris, quod fallo gregem? gregis ipse magister
 Inter pascentes me numerare solet.

THE BRAZEN HEIFER OF MYRO.—*From Ausonius.*

I am a Heifer, made by Myro's hands,
 So natural, I really seem to live;
 The bull comes up, the lowing heifer stands,
 And oft my dugs the tugging calf deceive.
 Dost wonder I beguile the herd?—my master
 Himself oft counts me with his cows in pasture.

AUSONII EPIGRAMMA.

In duas sorores diversorum morum.

Delia, vos miramur, et est mirabile, quod tam
 Dissimiles estis, tuque sororque tua;
 Hæc habitu casto, quum non sit, casta videtur;
 Tu præter cultum nil meretricis habes.
 Quum casti mores tibi sint, huic cultus honestus;
 Te tamen et cultus damnat, et actus eam.

EPIGRAM OF AUSONIUS.

On two Sisters of dissimilar manners.

Delia, at the wide difference, we're surpris'd,
 Between thyself and sister, both disguis'd.
 She, lewd as Lais, looks with virgin grace;
 Thou, chaste as Dian, wear'st a harlot's face:
 Though thou art pure in heart, and impure she,
 While thine condemn, her manners set her free.

Ovidii:—DE QUATUOR ANNI TEMPESTATIBUS:

Verq. nouum stabat cinctum florente corona,
 Stabat nuda Æstas, et spicea sarta gerebat,
 Stabat et Autumnus calcatis sordidus uuis,
 Et glacialis Hyems, canos hirsuta capillos.

THE FOUR SEASONS.—*From Ovid.*

Spring trips fantastic with a budding wreath;
 Summer, unveil'd, with zone of spicy breath;
 Autumn, he staggers with his grapes besmear'd;
 Winter stands shivering with icicle beard.

Incerti Auctoris:—IN PUERUM FORMOSUM.

Dum dubitat Natura marem, facerétne puellam,
Factus es ó palcher pené puella puer.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY.—*Unknown.*

Whilst Nature doubted, lovely child,
To make you boy or girl, so pretty;
At length she form'd you both, and smil'd,
A boy in sex, a girl in beauty.

—
BONIFONII BASIUM 24.

*Comparisonem facit inter semetipsum, et rosam rubentem
et pallentem.*

En flores tibi mitto discolores,
Pallentemque rosam et rosam rubentem.
Illam quum aspicias, miselli amantis,
Putas pallidulos videre vultus:
Quum tueberis hanc rubore tinctam,
Putes igne rubens cor intueri.

TWENTY-FOURTH KISS OF BONIFONS.

The Two Roses.—

Of different hues, two roses see,
My Pancharilla, pluck'd for thee.
That, as thy breathing bosom fair,
Shows me all pale with love and care;
This, as thy fragrant lips so bright,
Betrays me burning with thy slight

Bonada:—EPITAPHIUM.

Hic positus sum, qui semper sine crimine vixi,
 Et, quem mî dederat cursum fortuna, peragi,
 Cujus ossua et cinerea hic lapis intus habet.

EPITAPH.—From Bonada.

This peaceful tomb contains
 The mouldering remains,
 Of one, who cheerful ran his destin'd race,
 Nor rais'd a frown, or blush, on Virtue's face.

Ausonii:—ἀρχὴ τοῦ ἔργου πάντος.

Incipe, dimidium facti est, cepisse supersit
 Dimidium, rursus hoc incipe, et efficiet.

EPIGRAM.—From Ausonius.

Begin—one half's accomplish'd if begun—
 Again resume your work—the task is done.

Burmanni:—DE IRA.

Iratus recolas, quod nobilis ira Leonis,
 In sibi prostratos se negat esse feram.

OF ANGER.—From Burmannus.

With rage relentless does thy bosom glow?—
 The lion spares, when helpless victims bow!

Epicteti:—DE QUALITATE TEMPORIS.

Poma ut in arboribus pendentia, corpora nostra
Aut matura cadunt, aut cito acerba ruunt.

OF TIME.—From Epictetus.

As, in an orchard, from the trees,
Fruits, ripe and unripe, fall;
So, Age and Youth, by sure degrees,
Drop at Death's withering call.

P. Rutuli:—DE SIBIQUA.

Assuescunt siliquæ viridi mollescere succo,
Et gremio pascunt cætera poma suo.

THE POD.—From Rutulus.

The swelling pea-pods sap and moisture need,
That they their embryon progeny may feed.

Ausonii:—DIDONI.

Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito:
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris.

DIDO.—From Ausonius.

Unhappy Queen! twice wed,
Yet marriage joys deny'd!
One dying spouse, you fled;
One flying, and you died.

THE

PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

Blest is the Swain, who, far from strife,
And busied cares of city life,
Lives as they liv'd in days of old,
Which poets call the age of gold.
Who tills his own paternal land,
Nor dreads the usurer's griping hand.
No trumpet's warring blast he fears,
No wrecking storms molest his ears.
He scans the court, and gates of pride,
While rural cares his thoughts divide,
His fond employ is, now to join
To the spouse elm the bridal vine;
Now lop the sterile boughs away,
Ingrafting new where old decay.
The hopeful slips beneath his care,
Bear soon their branching heads in air.
Now, in the vale, he joys to hear
His herds, and see his flocks appear.
Or of his toil some gain to reap,
He robs his angry bees and 'sheep;
Pours from the cells the liquid gold,
And steals the fleeces from the fold.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE. |

But when hale Autumn rears his head,
And in his lap his fruits are spread;
How he delights, the ingrafted pear,
And purple grapes, to pluck, and bear
To thee, Priapus, as thy due;
And thy reward, Sylvanus, who
Guardest our lands by honest bounds,
Dividing right from neighbour's grounds.
In oaken shades, he loves to pass
His leisure on the matted grass;
While down its banks the cascade flows,
And tempts him to serene repose;
The birds pour forth melodious song,
His golden slumbers to prolong.
But when Jove o'er the season throws
His sleety rains, and virgin snows;
With eager hounds the boar he foils,
Or drives him headlong to the toils.
Now he his subtle art employs,
And to the springe the thrush decoys.
The stranger crane, and timorous hare,
Are now the prizes of his snare.
Amid such joys, what power hath love
His heart with pleasing pains to move!
But if a modest pleasing wife,
Divide with him the toils of life;
Well manage all their household care,
And well their tender offspring rear;
(A sun-burnt woman, fair of fame,
As Sabine, or Apulian dame;)
Arouse the fire to briskly burn,
Against her spouse fatigu'd return;

Enfold the flock, and milk the kine,
And bring her spouse the cheering wine;
And food that's grateful to his taste,
An unbought, but a sweet repast;—
Not Lucrine oysters then would please,
Nor scar, nor turbot of the seas;
(Should Eastern tempests waft them o'er,
And leave them strangers on our shore;)
Nor peacock, nor the Afric hen,
More pleasant to his taste had been,
Than unctious olives of the field,
And shards, which health and vigour yield;
Than lambkin on a festal day,
The prowling wolf's hard-rescued prey.
Amid the feast, 'tis his delight,
To view his well-fed flocks at night;
Or mark his oxen, tilling slow,
Draw through the glebe the sluggish plough;
Or, round his hearth, to view his hinds,
With rustic mirth refresh their minds.

——Thus Alphius, the usurer, spake,
Resolv'd at once a farm to take;
Call'd in his money, purchased grain,
But—ere a fortnight, hir'd it out again!

PSAPHO TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK.

Bright Daughter of immortal Jove!
Practis'd in subtile cares of love;
Bow from thy throne thy gracious ear,
Thy Psapho's prayer auspicious hear.

Great Arbitress of joy and pain!
Hear me, consum'd in grief, complain:
Come drive away my mental foes,
Relieve my heart of wasting woes.

Down to my bower propitious come,
As erst thou left thy radiant dome;
Then at my prayer thy sparrows flew,
And to my glen their Goddess drew.

While, at thy nod, they winged away,
With empty car, to upper day;
Thou, pitying, said:—"Oh! Psapho, tell
"What preying griefs thy bosom swell?

"Does any youth thy passions move,
"And wake the tyrant flame of love?—
"Nay, tell me, Psapho, all thy cares,
"And whence the pangs thy bosom bears.

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"What preying griefs thy bosom swell?

"Does any youth thy passions move,
"And wake the tyrant flame of love?—
"Nay, tell me, Psapho, all thy cares,
"And whence the pangs thy bosom bears.

"If any swain thy love deride,
"And leave thee with triumphant pride;
"Though now he fly, he soon shall turn,
"And with thy glowing beauties burn."

Fair Queen of Love! haste to my bower;
Thy kind regard I much implore:
Dispel thy votive Psapho's grief!
Bring my repining soul relief!

FACETIÆ

**FROM THE GREEK PROSE OF HIEROCLES, A PLATONIC
PHILOSOPHER, WHO FLOURISHED A. D. 485.**

I.

Tom heard one of two twins had died,
But knew not one from t'other;
So, meeting him that liv'd, he cried—
“Did you die, or your brother?”

II.

“I wonder how I look asleep?”
Said Tom, not over wise;
So up the looking-glass he took,
And shut up both his eyes.

III.

Tom Fool, who had a house to sell,
Did round the country go;
And that one might its value tell,
He took a brick to show.

IV.

Tom Fool a tree of birds did see,
And narrowly did watch 'em;
Then softly crept, and shook the tree,
And held his hat to catch 'em.

V.

Said Tom—“Last night, my friend, in dream,
“I ran rejoic'd to meet you.”
“Ah!—then I fear your lost esteem,
“For I forgot to greet you.”

VI.

Come safe from war, said Dad to Ned,
Even if you come without your head.

VII.

To live and eat not, Stingy tried,
But when he'd learnt to live, he died.

VIII.

Tom Fool, when winds o'erset his boat,
Caught at the anchor-flook to float.

IX.

Tom heard a crow would live a century;
So off went Tom to get him one to try.

X.

POOR drowning Noody vow'd in brainless whim,
HE 'd touch no water more—till he could swim.

XI.

SNUG, expecting shipwreck every minute,
PERMANING his will, look'd round his friends to see,
WHILE bitterly his slaves were crying,
A horrid fright of instant dying;
He—"Hush, hush, boys! why, the deuce is
DOES t know I am about to make you free?"

XII.

DISPATED Freshman, rather funny,
SOLD all his classics for a little money;
HE wrote his father to persuade his giving—
"sir, rejoice! my books are now my living!"

XIII.

Tom Fool lost his little infant Jude,
HE saw the numerous mourners throng about
HE said—"He blush'd, to this great multitude,
bring but just a little baby out."

XIV.

Tom Ninny had a pipe of wine,
 And at the bung a seal;
 Yet, tapp'd below, a thievish rogue,
 Would daily from it steal.
 Tom thought 'twas droll the wine should go,
 When all was safe at top;
 Yet when his friend just tipp'd the wink,
 The bottom holes to stop;
 "You are a shallow-pate," said Tom,
 "And have an Irish skull!
 "For can't ye see the top is out,
 "And all the bottom's full?"

XV.

Tom said to a sick friend—"Pray, how d'ye do?"
 Who answer'd not, so weak;
 "Ah ha!" cried Tom, "I hope I'll soon be so,
 "And, fags! if I will speak!"

XVI.

Tom, gazing down his well, said—"Friend, I pray,
 "Is not this water bad?"—
 "Why your old grandsires drank it every day:
 "Zounds! what long necks they had!"

XVII.

"I heard that you were dead, friend Jo!"
 'Ay, but I a'n't, you see!"
 "Nay, but the man who told me so,
 "Is honestest than thee!"

XVIII.

Tom once the doctor chanc'd to see,
 And running to him quick:
 "Dear Sir, I hope you'll pardon me,
 "Because I've not been sick!"

XIX.

When doctor pass'd, Tom, why'd you run
Behind the wall to flee him?
"Because I've not been sick so long,
"I was asham'd to see him."

XX.

Tom, out of breath, once gallop'd down,
To get a-board the wherry;
And sat upon his horse, and whipp'd
To hurry o'er the ferry.

XXI.

'Tis true you wrote me from the town,
To buy you Walter Scott;
But then your letter which came down,
I never yet have got.

MOON-LIGHT.

A CANZONET.

delightsome by moonlight to muse on the Hills,
the dew from the vials of heaven distils;
on the features of Nature are softened serene,
our minds sympathetic attune to the scene.

fragrance the prodigal Season bestows;
moon-shadows dance when young Zephyrus blows;
le o'er the rapt-senses half-dying there floats,
on the night-bird a few sadly-musical notes.

souls in such seasons devotional rise,
through the gray vista up-soar to the skies;
we bow at the *Footstool of Love*, and impart
them, hallowed emotions, untainted by art.

A PASTORAL SONG.

My Strephon's locks are sunny hue,
But not for me they stream;
His eyes beam through their azure dew,
But not on me they beam.
His heart is formed of gentle mould,
Where manly virtues lie;
But, O! his bosom—it is cold,
Where Jane ne'er swell'd a sigh.

Ah me, Strephon!

I met him yester moonlight eve,
Mine eyes betray'd my love!
No kindred glance could Jane perceive—
Poor moaning turtle dove!
And when I cross'd his lonely walk,
He turn'd the other side;
And then so heedless did he talk,
I thought I could have died.

Ah me, Strephon!

He had a rustic bonnet on,
Which other nymphs had made;
My jealous bosom throb'd to con
The bonnet as I stray'd;—
For it was wreath'd of choicest flowers,
Fantastic twin'd with hair;—
Oh! other Janes had robb'd the bowers,
And wove it for my fair.

Ah me, Strephon!

He rais'd his pipe, and breath'd a lay—

No shepherd sweeter sung;

Like fairy harps, when zephyrs play,

High on the willows hung:—

But every note to me went wrong,

For Jane had there no part;

The melting burthen of his song,

Were death notes to my heart.

Ah me, Strephon!

But, Strephon, more I will not let ye,

Trouble Jane with haughty scorn;

No, Strephon, I will now forget ye,

Get ye, get ye, get ye gone!

There's Damon with his jetty eyes,

And hair of raven curl;

I'll wed with Damon, and despise

My Strephon for a churl.

Hated Strephon!

I'll think that Strephon is not fair,

Though he all hearts has won;

I'll say he has a selfish air,

Though generous as the sun.

Though Strephon be the maids delight,

I'll hate the cruel man;

Though Damon be a niggard wight,

I'll love him—if I can.

Cruel Strephon!

Ah me! my heart, I can't deceive ye!
Can I let my Strephon go?
My flattering lips, I can't believe ye,
While my bleeding heart says—no.
Ah! hapless is the lot of Jane,
And hapless e'er will be;
No change of place is change of pain—
Myself—I cannot flee!

Ah me, Strephon!

[May 1814, the Editor of the *Port Folio* offered a premium of Fifty Dollars for the best "National Song," for the ensuing celebration of American Independence. The prize, however, was not to be awarded to any one short of the highest excellence. If the following was the best of the twelve received, the premium very properly was assigned to no one. Indeed, mine were no silver strains.]

THE BIRTH-DAY OF FREEDOM.

A NATIONAL ODE.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

All hail to the Birth of the happiest Land,
That the Sun in his journey is proud to awaken;
Here—Energy—Enterprise—Knowledge command,
By Obstacle heartened—by Danger unshaken.
Virtue, Valour, unite,
Prop the Pillar of Might,
Rear'd by Him, who surmounts it an Angel of Light.

CHORUS.

O proud beat our Hearts, and our Valour swells high,
On the Birth-Day of Freedom—*The Fourth of July.*

Long—long was the Conflict, and doubtful the Fight,
When to crush the Philistine our David descended;
But Justice, indignant, decreed Us our Right,
And Heaven our Valour and Virtue befriended.
Then our Chieftain belov'd,
And Compatriots approv'd,
From the Camp to the Senate in majesty mov'd.

CHORUS.

We Freemen were born, and we Freemen will die,
And this Oath we renew—on each *Fourth of July*.

This Day—the old Soldier limps jollily out,
And points to his scars as the stars of his glory;
This Day—the sad Widows and Orphans may shout,
Whose Husbands and Sires shall live deathless in story.
Sweet peace to the Dead,
Whose Spirits were shed,
And now for the Palms to Elysium are fled.

CHORUS.

The Martyrs of Freedom look down from the Sky,
And crowd round their Chief—on the *Fourth of July*.

The Lyre of the Bard—The Historian's Page,
Shall our Chieftain resound till Fame's clarion sever;
The Hero—the Statesman—the Christian—the Sage,
Who Laws bound with Freedom in Union forever.
O accurst let Him rave,
And no lenity save,
Who dares plant a nettle on Washington's grave.

CHORUS.

Our Hearts to Mount Vernon sad Pilgrims will hie,
To weep at his Shrine—on the *Fourth of July*.

O Freedom!—how soothing to Sense and to Thought!
The Nurse of the Arts, and the Cradle of Science!
To protect thee, our Sires their Descendants have taught,
And we scorn foreign Threats, and we ask no Alliance.
For Who dare molest
The fair Queen of the West,
While her Sons unbibe warrior-blood from her breast?

CHORUS.

Ye Matrons—the accents your Infants first try,
Be Washington—Freedom—and *Fourth of July*.

Here—Genius his Badges respected may wear,
Ambition toil rising the Mount of Promotion;
Here—Yeomanry whistle unarm'd at his Share,
And Religion choose safely her Shrine of Devotion.
Here Modesty roves
In Cashmerian groves,
Like Innocence led by the Graces and Loves.

CHORUS.

Ye Bards of the West—to no Helicon fly—
The Theme shall inspire—on the *Fourth of July*.

Here—Commerce, exulting, expands her white wings,
Here—the Fields, breathing perfume, wave golden
their tresses;
To the base-rumbling Wheel, here the shrill Anvil rings,
And the taper's late vigil pale Study confesses.
Where's a Country on earth,
So divine in her birth,
Can boast of such Prowess—such Beauty—such
Worth?

CHORUS.

Who loves not his Country, abash'd let him fly,
Nor mar patriot-concord—this *Fourth of July*.

Late—the War-Fiends, infuriate, have ravag'd the East,
And on horrible Banquets of Carnage run riot.

Now—the World's from the Tyrant's blood-sceptre releas'd,*

And Conquering Monarchs are leagu'ing for Quiet.

Hope espies from afar,

The Millennial Star,

Smile on Peace while erecting the Tombstone of War.

CHORUS.

Peal your Cannon in triumph, your Streamers bid fly,
Our wave-cradled Nelsons—this *Fourth of July*.

Should Faction—Encroachment—Oppression arise,

We instinctively turn to our good Constitution;

The Cynosure—in our Political Skies!

The Oracle—knowing nor Change, nor Pollution!

Lo! the eye of the Seer,

In Futurity's year,

Sees America, Empress of Nations, appear.

CHORUS.

To the Great God of Armies, Who martiald the Sky,

Let our Gratitude rise—on this *Fourth of July*.

* Since the above was written, the Ex-emperor has thought proper to step back to the throne of France. If the French had really rather have Emperor Snake, than King Log to rule them, why, let them have him.

CURSE ON CHEESE.

● I do loathe thee, nauseous Cheese!
And fœtid scents his nostrils tease,
And twinging gripes, nor hope of ease,
On thine inventor!
To me—all drugs the smelling fies,
In thee concentre.

When down I sit abroad to eat,
Boon coffee, toast, and pies, and meat;
Thy damn'd effluvia spoils the treat,
With carrion smell;
And oft thou crowdest near my seat—
Vile imp of hell!

And worse—some wives of work afraid—
Have but one knife at table spread;
This slashes thro' both cheese and bread,
And chance the dame:—
“Do try my cheese!”—with pressing said—
Gods! how I flame!

“The world's deprav'd”—the parson preaches,
Because man steals, and overreaches,
And lusts, and gluts in blood like leeches,
In carnal ease;
But the best argument of each is
His eating cheese!

Art thou spent out of house and land,
With sickness bleach'd, or labour tann'd,
Or, forfeit of thy life, dost stand,
And dread'st another?
"Dost eat no cheese?"—I take thy hand,
And call thee brother!

Vile mouldy corpse, where maggots breed!
I would not offer thee, indeed,
Mine enemy's gaunt dog to feed,
Even if he'd bit me;
Nor to the de'il in utmost need,
Would conscience let me!

O Thou, Who dost our trials send!
With cares, and deaths, my spirits bend,
Or rack with tortures without end,
I'll bear all these;
But, Oh! Thy kind forbearance lend,
And—spare me Cheese!

VIRTUE AND VICE.

AN ANTITHETICAL PARALLEL.

**Virtue is Phosphor, bright-ascending,
To the heart beclouded dear:—
Vice, the Hyads, rain-portending,
Bringing the repentant tear.**

**Virtue's an ingot of mint-gold,
Undebased by mixt alloy:—
Vice, tinsel for deception sold,
Worse than useless, gilded toy.**

**Virtue's a lambkin without shepherd,
Unsuspecting as a child:—
Vice, a treacherous, spotted leopard,
By which lambkins are beguiled.**

**Virtue's a red-breast on the spray,
Singing amid her housewife toil:—
Vice, a bird of plumage gay,
But a vulture to despoil.**

**Virtue's the gold-fish, priz'd when found,
Radiant through life's dusky stream:—
Vice, the eel, whose fry abound,
Held by Taste in disesteem.**

Virtue's the turtle, mail'd from foes,
Humble, harmless, mid the brake:—
Vice, whose tongue with venom flows,
Is the loath'd, accursed snake.

Virtue is the glow-worm, cheering
With her own unborrow'd rays:—
Vice, the heedless lamp-fly, veering
To a self-consuming blaze.

Virtue's a sweet-scented flower,
Leaf of amaranth, single seed:—
Vice, the poisonous hellebore,
Or the night-shade, spreading weed.

Virtue is a nymph of smiles,
Frank of mien, of holiest eye:—
Vice, a gay coquet of wiles,
Double of heart, demeanour shy.

Virtue then let Wisdom woo,
Nymph of graces, heaven-descended;
So shall Vice her carriage rue,
By cold-slighting reprehended,

THE RECLUSE.

A PASTORAL.

Edmund, Walter, and Finhah.

Scene—A pleasant Forest about three miles from a Village.—Time—An Autumn morning.

“———*diem cantu prædixerat ales:*”

MORETUM.

WALTER.

This is an early hour, but we shall find,
While sluggards doze, he rises with the sun.

EDMUND.

The good old man, so aged, yet so strong.
And yet, I wonder, Walter, he should live
So like a hermit, in this wood, alone.
I've heard strange stories told that brought him here.
Some say—he hath been cross'd in early love,
That he his rival slew, and felt remorse.
Others—that midnight studies hurt his brain.
Some—that mistaking zeal urged secret penance.
Our parson thinks him a philosopher,
Who came to give his thoughts a wider range.
His maiden sister shrugs, and, looking wise,
Says—wizards take the shape of holy men.
But all esteem him wond'rous learn'd and kind.

WALTER.

There, Edmund, look—do not you see him now,
'Neath the large rock that juts above his cell?
He watcheth how the glorious sun doth rise.
How calm he looks, and leans upon his staff.
How white his bowing shoulders with his locks,
And gray his reverend beard—yet fresh his cheeks.
Divine old man! death shows respect to thee,
And in thy presence I should fear no harm.

EDMUND.

See—now he beckons with his palsied hand,
And forward moves—fast as his years permit.
We joyous greet thee, venerated Sire.

FINHAH.

Draw near, my sons.—Although I live retired,
I love to have young friends come visit me,
And, in my cell, partake what Nature gives.

EDMUND.

Heaven bless thee, Father, healthful in thy years.
Thy speech and men are not like rustic swains.
Pray tell us all thy life's long history.

WALTER.

And how, so aged, thou canst health sustain,
In this lone forest, where men rarely come?

FINHAH.

View me about, my sons, and mark my change.
How few can tell the pains of eighty years.
Yet half those years were spent among these trees.
See those two yews, that shadow o'er my cell?
They grow since I came here—I set the slips—

Two gloomy trees, and so I love them more,
For I am sorrowing, and can mourn with them.

In youth—and ye'll not count an old man vain!—
I trimm'd the wakeful lamp, and fledg'd for song.
I sung of Man.—How this delves mines of lore,
While that, in wars, wears laurels stain'd in blood.
How one, to either zone, whitens the sea,
And, on the reeling shrouds, sings to the storm;
Another, risks, on fluttering wings, to rest
High, on the windy, slippery dome of Fame.
And how the wheel revolves, and scale depends,
And furrow turns, that man may sumptuous live.
How some though slaving, starve—some idle, feast.
How men oft chide their Fates—themselves in blame.
I sung the sister Arts, all hand in hand.
I Virtue praised, and pointed where she led.
My Muse was humble—but was all to me.
At last, my friends all died—all died save one—
And he—I thought him friend—but spare the dead!
Betray'd my charge, and all my fortunes wreck'd.
Oh! 'twas too much!—that he, to whom I gave
The keys of all my heart—Oh! it stung deeply.—

Unfriended by the world, I fled from men.
Long, poor, disguised, in comfortless despair
I wander'd, till at last I rested here.
With many a sun, have I, in quest of food,
Travers'd the thickset woods, and oozy bogs,
And up the hillock's brow, and down the dell,
For game, and fish, and nuts, and roots, and fruits,
And, for the winter, gather'd autumn stores.
I trap, and hook, the hare, and bream, and thrush,

And line my cell with moss, and yellow leaves.
At morn, I kneel—at eve, I hymn my praise.
Love virtue, and you cannot die too young.
Wisdom old Finhah sought too late—but found!

WALTER.

I love thee, Father, and am loath to leave thee.

EDMUND.

Nor will we e'er forget thy various years,
Thy studious youth, and patriarchal age.

FINHAH.

Farewell, dear virtuous youths, a long farewell!
For Finhah's very old, and something tells,
That when ye come again, ye may not find me here,

RUSTIC LIFE.

A PASTORAL.

Arthur and Theodore.

Scene—Fields near a cottage.—Time—Summer's evening.

"—— processit Vesper Olympo."

THEODORE.

No eve was e'er more still—no eve more clear;
Sprinkling the skies, the twinkling lights appear.
The lonely tree-toad in the copse is heard,
And hush'd in sleep the song of every bird;
Save, now and then, a hawk, in drowsy flight,
Swims through the air, a speck upon the sight.
The purblind bat wheels, flapping, over head,
And fire-flies light their lovers o'er the mead.

ARTHUR.

Now, waking on the green, at our approach,
And, drawing from the wing the pillow'd head,
See nodding ducks trudge quacking to the pool,
And stately geese like strutting soldiers stalk.
The waters sparkle to their oary feet,
And, swollen, ruffle to a mimic storm.
The heifer's low rides on the freshening breeze,
And the small tinkling of the wether's bell.
How dark the woods, and brown the hills appear.
The heart is better'd by such peaceful scenes.

THEODORE.

What envied life the peasant may enjoy;
 His ships no storms, his gold no thieves annoy.
 His daily toil reward and vigour gives,
 Sweet is his sleep—contentedly he lives.
 No false ambition elevates his mind,
 To reign a monarch, or be sage refin'd.
 He whistles to his flocks—a pleasing care,
 And builds his walls—not castles in the air.
 He sows his seed, and nursery stocks with trees,
 And, with good humour, coarsely aims to please.
 While frisk his little ones among the lambs,
 Or, pull the grass and tender to the dams,
 And, pelting, fly for life the bruising rams.

ARTHUR.

No, not a 'squire more peaceful life enjoys,
 Than he, whose cares are bounded by his need;
 Who hangs on no dependant for his gains.
 Within his cot, the busy wheel flies round,
 True wheel of fortune—and their ready task,
 Healthful with toil, his ruddy daughters ply;
 Unlike the milk-fac'd pets which fear the sun.

THEODORE.

At eve—or on the stike, or round the door,
 They'll titter, bashful, at the homeward boor;
 Or, chance to aged crone, list mournful tale,
 Of *Hubert's* crime, and little *Ellen* frail,
 And weep, that when he sought her for his bride,
 So broke her heart, scarce wedded ere she died,
 And how poor *Hubert's* brain could not the shock abide.

ARTHUR.

at pleasing gloom these twilight moonbeams make,
 ing, in this side-hedge, to insects' hum,
 mimering to illume their bowery dreams.
 atch of grain—how, billowy, it bends.
 tance, those small shrubs obscurely seen,
 ng reality, swell to tall trees.
 led just now, through that broken wall,
 7 a nodding mullein—simple fool!
 plant is drest in a strange livery.

o harvests past—oh! how your cheek did change!
 near this spot—I came upon you sudden—
 ok'd so foolish!—with a finch's nest—
 ng the crying bird—to please that jilt—

THEODORE.

o could withstand her sweet deceptive art,
 ving seen, keep home his truant heart?
 last I saw the maid, she gave me this,
 edge of troth, and seal'd it with a kiss.
 sps the brede my finger, might I now
 her yet true—how would my bosom glow!
 ighted hope, and faithless woman's frown,
 l of thorns converts a bed of down.

ARTHUR.

t Caroline was comely, none may doubt,
 kle was she, as her beauty frail.

THEODORE.

say no more!—Now home let us repair,
 nk to rest—the balm of every care.

A CANZONET.

Sweet the modest downcast eye,
Speaking sure the virtuous heart;
Sweet the cheek of roseate dye,
Ting'd by Nature—not by Art.

Sweet the unaffected air,
Pleasing most when striving least;
Nought with Nature can compare;
Nature's elegance is best.

Fair the form of tender mould,
Bending o'er Affliction's couch;
Purer far than finest gold,
Hearts that sympathy can touch.

Gentle as the falling dew,
Soothing accents sweetly flow;
Soft as billing turtles coo,
Kindness blunts the edge of woe.

Soft as gossamer the breast,
Nursing virtuous love alone;
Scorning Pride in baubles drest,
Simpering with affected tone.

Pure as nectar from the heart,
Flows the gentle stream of love;
Love that friendship may impart,
Purest passion from above.

HANDSOME HEBE.

There lives a young Girl whom I know,
A lovelier seldom is seen;
For few hope to equal below,
Fair Hebe of Agawam Green.

Other girls may boast auburn as flowing,
Other girls lucid hazel may roll;
But grace they expression as glowing?
But beam they the light of the soul?

As the fleece-cloud of April, her heart
Will melt at the sighings of wo;
And if earth can no solace impart,
She'll point where no sorrowings flow.

In converse, with elegant ease,
Her manners are courtly and free;
And were she to strive not to please,
You could not her negligence see.

Her temper, like that of a child,
Can ungenerous envy subdue;
Oh! have you but seen when she smil'd,
And that smile been directed to you!

Compress but her sensitive palm,
Or thrill at a fugitive glance;
The delicate flush of alarm,
Will your soul in delirium trance.

I have seen many girls in my day,
And could often admire and approve;
But Hebe alone can display
Such charms as we cannot but love.

ON TIME.

O Lud! my Dears, the scampering years,
Fly hurly-burly fast away;
Although we snivel rheumy tears,
Old Time wont stop one half a day.

Not if each month a mammoth cheese,
Or for his trull a petticoat,
We bear to Charon, will he please
To haul aground his ferry-boat.

See how Time shakes his running glass,
As he scuds grinning through the town;
And whets his scythe, as flesh is grass,
To mow his yearly harvest down.

Then gripe we on Time's temple locks,
And hold on 'til he bless us;
And then when Death the sheriff knocks,
Grim Charon wont distress us.

THE COUNTRY OVEN.

I sing the Oven—glowing, fruitful theme.
Happy for me, that mad Achilles found,
And weak Ulysses erst, a servile bard,
That deign'd their puny feats, else lost, to sing.
And happy that Ænëas, feeble man!
Fell into hands of less emprise than mine;
Too mean the subject for a bard so high.
Not Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, dar'd
Task their gross minds with theme so sublimate.
Nor he, Dame Nature's master-journeyman,
Who nimbly wrought a comic tragedy,
As poet woos a muse, one Shakspeare call'd;
Nor Milton, who embattled Devils sung;
Nor bold Sir Blackmore, who an Epic built,
Quick as can mason rear a chimney-stack;
Nor later these, Klopstock and Wieland fam'd, |
Who sung, this King of Elves—that King of Kings;
Dar'd the prolific Oven blaze in song.

Expect not now of Furnaces to hear,
Where Æolus dilates the liquid glass;
Nor where the THREE, testing their God could save,
Walk'd barefoot through the lambent heat, unsing'd;
Nor where the Hollanders, in nests of tow,
With mimic nature incubate their eggs;
For the Domestic Oven claims my powers.

Come then, from kilns of flame, and tropic suns,
Each salamander Muse, and warm my brain.

Need I describe?—Who hath a kitchen seen,
And not an arch'd concavity call'd Oven?
Grand farinaceous nourisher of life!
See hungry gape its broad mouth for its food,
And hear the faggots crackling in its jaws,
Its palate glowing red with burning breath.
Do not approach too near; the ingulphing draught
Will drink your respiration ere you list.

Glance now the fire-jambs round, and there observe
Utensils form'd for culinary use.
Shovel and tongs, like ancient man and wife,
He, with his arms a-kim, and she, in hoops.
There, dangling sausages in chains hang down;
As Sciences and Arts, distinct, allied;
Or, as in Union bound our sister States.
Here, flayed eels, strung pendant by the waist;
So swing aloof victims in heathen climes;
O Algier hearts, to mock at writhing pain!
And, high on lug-bar, ponderous ham to smoke;
So may each Traitor to his Country hang!
And, thick on nails, the housewife's herbs to dry;
Coltsfoot for pipe, and spearmint for a tea.
Upon the hearth, the shrill-lung'd cricket chirps
Her serenade, not waiting to be prest.
And Sue, poking the cinders, smiles to point
A billet, ring, or gallant, fashion'd there,
For fond associations cross the mind.
And purring puss, her pied-coat licked sleek,
Sits mousing for the crumbs, beside black Jack.
He, curious drone, with eyes and teeth of white,
And natural curl, who eighteen Falls has seen,
And cannot yet count four! nor ever can,

gh task'd to learn until his nose be sharp.
 marvel, if he thinks, but when he speaks;
 to himself, why mutter loud, and strange,
 cold, and laugh, as half a score were by?
 pe, and parts, a seed of Caliban!
 w is roasting earth-nuts by the coals,
 issing clams, like martyrs mocking pain,
 izzing apples, punctur'd with a pin,
 in the embers hops the parching maize,
 —crack—disrupting with the heat, like bombs.
 ching, he squats, and grins, and gulps his mug,
 bows his pompion-shell, with eyes and mouth,
 andle fitted for the tail of kite,
 are the lasses in their evening walk—
 ne day, and Thanksgiving-Eve will come.

v turn we to the teeming Oven; while,
 ful midwife, comes the aged Dame,
 pron clean, and nice white cap of lawn.
 long, lean arm, she lifts the griding slice,
 ward slides it, drawing slowly out.
 ii-globes, and frustums of the cone,
 d brown with heat, come, smoaking, broad high loaves;
 rop-cakes, rang'd like cocks round stack of hay;
 s, and segments, pies and turn-overs,
 ildren's children, who stand teasing round,
 ing their mouths, and dance like juggler's apes,
 ng the pie more cool, or they less keen.
 brown, and wrinkled like the good dame's brow,
 russet-coated sweetings, pulp for milk;
 cious dish—would one were brought me now!
 isses, made by Sue, for suitor's pun.

And when the morrow greets each smiling face,
And from the church, where grateful hearts have pour'd
Led by the man of God, their thanks and prayers,
To Him, who fills their granaries with good,
They hurry home, snuffing the spicy steams,
The pious matron, with full heart, draws forth
The spare-rib crisp—more savoury from the spit!
Tall pots of pease and beans—vile flatulents;
And puddings, steaming to the rafter'd wall;
And sweet cup-custards, part of the dessert.
These all, amalgamated, subtilized,
And by the generative heat matur'd,
A goodly birth, brought forth in welcome time.

Illustrious Oven, warmest, heartiest friend!
Destroy but thee, and where were cookery then?
We, cannibals, might torrify and seethe,
On dry blood-reeking flesh in the cold sun;
Or, like the Arab, on his racing horse,
Beneath the saddle swelter it for food.

And, yet, ere thou give us, we must give thee.
Thus, many an Oven barren is for life.
O Poverty! how oft thy wishful eye
Rests on thine Oven, hungry as thyself!
Would I might load each Oven of the Poor,
With food each palate craves—a fruitless wish!
Yet seldom hear we Industry complain,
And no one should complain, who hath two eyes,
Two hands, and mind and body, sound and free.
And such, their powers to worthy ends applied,
Be pleas'd, indulgent Patroness, to feed.

ODE TO A HUMMING BIRD.

As walking, and musing, in verge of the eve,

The stillness o'er-coming,

I hear a small humming,

Sigh soft as the breeze

Through the whispering trees,

And what it is, whence it is, can not conceive.

This way, and that way, I look, nor can see

The organ that breathes such a hum on mine ears;

When, lo! on a lilac-bell-thistle appears,

A tiny gay bird, like a large humble-bee.

Ho! friend, pardon me!

Hast *thou* made this pother?

I had thought thee another,

And not a great Bee.

Don't dart so, and float, on thy needle-bill pending,

And hurry to ravish the thistle's sweet dew;

Nay, prithee, hold still

From dipping thy bill,

In the cells of the briery flower:

Let me note the gay tinges thy plumage soft blending,

The emerald, orange, vermilion, and blue,

As in the 'slopes beam,

Reflected they gleam,

Like the Iris-hues gilding a shower.

Did'st thou know how my blood is all stirr'd to a foment,

I think thou would'st winnowing pause for a moment.

I've no design

To make thee mine,

But wish to survey thee,
And not to betray thee.—

Alack! thou art gone, darted over the hills, and all lost
my sight!

Thou thought'st me a foe, and hast left me alone, a discor-
solate wight!

Fool that I was! to stretch my hand
As purposing to catch thee;

Forsooth! thou guess'd that I had plann'd
To something more than watch thee.

On the wire-moss of trees,
Of the size of two peas,

Thou layest thine eggs in thy nest;
Oval, and white, and clear,

They lie like sisters dear,

'Till warm'd to life beneath thy downy breast.

I know thy sensations when wak'd by a noise,

And fearing the woodman, or school-truant boy

Are clambering over the hedges;

Perchance they may take thee, poor thing, by surpri

Or cruel, while pilfering, mock at thy cries,

And bear off thy dear infant pledges.

O! were I a Dervise, or Fairy,

I'd watch thee,

And catch thee,

And give thee to jet-eyed Mary;

For I well know that she,

When she'd seen, and admir'd thee, would let thee go fr

THE ORPHAN BENIGHTED.

AN ASYLUM ODE.

Tune—"The street was a ruin."

The Eve was fit spent, and the dark-flashing sky
Boar'd, appalling, a terrible Tempest was nigh;

When friendless, affrighted,
An Orphan benighted,

Long burthen'd the gale with her piteous cry:—

"My Father—he's wash'd by the distant salt-billow!

"My Mother—she's sleeping beneath the church-willow!

"O wo is poor Ellen!

"O pity poor Ellen!

"Whose heart is nigh famish'd for food and for pillow."

Now fiercer flashing, clouds more threatening roar,
Howls the shrill blast, and hurtling hail stones pour.

She scarce sustains her on her feet,

From drifting, drenching, down the street.

Lo! Pride and Wealth—their chariots rattling by—

O GOD!—but GOD will hear the Orphan's cry!

Hark!—heard ye those plaints?—the accents were human—
Humanity listens in form of a Woman!

"O take to your dwelling,

"Poor storm-beaten Ellen,

"Whose young heart with wants and bereavements is
swelling."

' Little Stranger, I take thee,
' I'll never forsake thee!'

Pity, her bosom bleeding,
See now the Orphan leading;
The Maiden clasp'd her little breast,
Which throbs of gratitude express!
And now she joins in hand,
A SISTER ORPHAN BAND;
Where, though bereft of mother,
She soon shall find another;
And every night her prayers ascend,
For blessings on the Orphan's Friend.

O Charity! thy throne we find
Is seated in a Woman's mind.

ECSTACY:—A DITHYRAMBIC.

On hearing Miss ——— sing and play.

Syren! fresh to Poet's soul,
Thy warbling numbers roll,
As if old Memnon's harp, high on his statue hung,
That dirges o'er each setting ray,
As ebbing out life's little day;
And glad preludes the opening beam,
A figuring life's prospective gleam;
Its wailing witch-notes flung,
To sail,
Rock'd on the bosom of the lulling gale:—
Or, as some pale cheek'd Vestal's vesper lay,
From Cloister stole,
Chanting a requiem to her lover's soul,
In other worlds a pilgrim far away.

Hush!—my blood creeps—my senses fade—
Some spirit spells the wire!
Quiverings strange my nerves pervade—
My parting soul's on fire!
I rave—I pant—I swoon—I die—
And now I sink beneath the ground,
Where gliding hosts,
Of rattling, sheeted ghosts,
For mortal crimes enchained,
With shouting, yelling, onward led,
— Reel the pent caverns of the dead.

Now thy spell-notes beguile—
Their ear is astound!
Pleasure rolls in their eye!
And, transc'd, they sink on beds of burning coals unpain'd,
And writhe their torturing muscles to a smile.

And now a life-reviving strain,
Buys up my spirits high—
In soft delirium bound,
Floating in a sea of sound,
Such as enchains the ear of night,
When new-fledg'd souls take upward flight.
Rising—rising—sinking—sinking—
Blisses drinking beyond thinking—
Thrilling—trembling—mounting—soaring—
The azure fields of space exploring—
Through murky clouds, where viewless forms
Muster artillery for storms;
And pestilential airs to tame,
Skirmish sheets of crinkling flame;—
By shooting stars like wild-fire streaming,
And golden suns intensely beaming,
And bright-hair'd comets distant gleaming;—
Through dizzying orbits gambol playing,
The galaxy pearl-beaded straying—
Now through a rosy void—I stretch—I fly—
Now perching on the lattice of the sky—
Whence I espy,
In sun-beams rob'd, the sons of light,
Bending their heads with sad delight,
Throw back their hair, and scarce respire,
And sigh—and smile—and smile—and sigh—
At the wild pathos of thy melody!

O die thy strains of heavenly birth,
And let me sink again to earth;
Spirits alone such strains should hear,
Too dangerous for a mortal ear!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

In a lone Bower—retired from public view,
Blushing unseen, a tender Primrose grew,
Inhal'd the genial sun, and sipp'd the morning dew,
'Till sickly grew the air, and chill the breezes blew,
Then blighted was the flower,
It faded—died—and left the bower.

Thus bloom'd young EDNAH—modest, pleasing, fair,
'Till Sickness came, and blighted health away;
Cold was the blast of Death that would not spare,
But swept her virtues from our lower day.

Farewell, young friend, thy conflict now is o'er!
But Memory loves to pause on Virtue's bier;
While bleeding hearts our sympathies deplore,
Accept our tribute of regret—A TEAR.

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

An Elegy on the death of Joseph S. Hixon, of Boston, a classmate of mine, who died while a member of the Sophomore Class in Harvard University, in 1810. Written originally at the request of the class.

" Say why these mournful badges on,
" And whence this sudden gloom?"
Oh! know ye not our brother's gone?—
He sleeps within the tomb!
" He is not dead?—he must not be!
" Had he not ripening bloom?
" Was he not vigorous, just as we?
" Then wherefore in the tomb?"

His Father call'd, and he obey'd;
Death toll'd his lingering knell;
His last great debt he cheerful paid,
And smil'd the world farewell.
We saw him late, fair as the day,
Flush'd with Ambition's fire;
We saw him at the morning gay,
And saw but to admire.

His fancy bright, and judgment clear,
Through modest merit shone;
His manners mild, and soul sincere,
From all affection won.
His ardent mind knew no control,
Where virtue could approve;

Pity could touch his generous soul;
And strike the chord of love.

Hark! from the skies a soothing sound—

“ Brothers, mourn not for me!

“ Know I have sought, and I have found,

“ A blest society.

“ Fly empty scenes, and Folly’s mirth,

“ They will your peace destroy;

“ Give GOD your trembling souls on earth,

“ And hope a heaven of joy.”

Now bleed our hearts afresh for one,*

Whose name alone is praise;

Mourns Harvard for, a brightest son,

Cut off in brightest days.

And could not one, just God! suffice!

A second shaft has flown;

One spirit scarce has reach’d the skies,

Ere there’s another gone!

Bright in the morn th’ horizon beam’d,

Ere rose the Orient cloud;

Then, on the waves, fell ruin gleam’d—

The waters were his shroud!

Too oft the youth, in buoyant glee,

Sport with the treacherous wave,

In pride of full security,

And know not—’tis their grave.

* Mr. Samuel Harris, of Boston, a Senior Sophister, patronized for his uncommon attainments in Oriental Literature, who was drowned in Charles river while bathing, a few days after the decease of young Nixon.

Vain are our hopes! ambition vain!
A meteor of the air!
A shadow skimming o'er the plain!
The spectre of despair!
Yet why grieve for our brothers gone
From cares and woes away?
The eve of death is but the dawn,
Of one unsetting day.

We boast not stoic apathy,
That mocks at others' wo;
We would the healing balm apply,
And wipe the drops that flow.
Oft shall the tributary tear,
Fall sacred to their shade;
Belov'd in life, in death more dear,
Their memory shall not fade.

DEATH.

PART FIRST.

I have faint heart for song, for gone are they,
Whom most I wish'd to please.
So many, green as myself in years, are dead,
I scarce believe I live.

In vain I look where Angelina trod.
No common theme. In force and bent of mind,
Above her sex. A female, she could think,
Reason, and feel. Scarce seventeen annual suns,
Ere, strewing seeds of death, consumption pale,
Slowly crept through her frame, calling her home.
Tho' life had charms, death had no fears for her.
Hope leant on Faith—Faith on the Arm of God!
When round her dying bed gather'd her friends,
With languid pulse, and colourless as she,
Looking their last, with parting grief convuls'd—
“Weep not for me,” she said, “that I must die.
“I was not happy, and an earnest feel,
“Of far superior joys than earth can give.
“It pains my soul to quit such dear, dear friends,
“But where I go, will Angelina find
“Far nearer friends—oh, weep not so—” and then
Look'd up—oh! what a look unutterable!
Informing more than thousand words—and died.
Greatly she died! so favour'd christians die.
But great the void, leaving the heart so rent,

As time can poorly heal. So, oft we dream
Of some wish'd object near attain'd—and grasp—
The airy vision breaks, and—it is gone!
The world looks dark; but, will not day return?
It may return, but marr'd by damping clouds.
O'er her fresh sod, Reflection sheds her dew,
To scent the rosemary just budding there.
Trac'd on our hearts with tears, her virtues beam,
Which, emulous, the studious mind shall ponder,
And thus we best shall certify our love.
Hope brightens when the young, the virtuous die,
And Faith anticipates their rich reward.

Maria, where is she!—she too is gone—
Gone to the grave, to sleep a few short nights,
Then, rob'd in spotless lustre, to arise.
Bright was the dawn, serene the cloudless sky,
And balmy zephyrs whisper'd peace and love;
But ere the Sun had gain'd his first watch-tower,
But ere the Morn had dried her dewy locks,
The thick clouds gather'd, and the storm arose—
The ruffian storm of death!——
Scarce of her illness the sad tidings heard,
Ere the more mournful tale of death rehears'd.
Long had I known her, even from childhood's years.
No more—we brighten at her partial smile!
No more—imbibe the friendships of her heart!
Beauty resists not Death, else had she liv'd.
Short was her sickness, but, tho' short, severe.
One day, ere death, and she was almost well.
Herald illusory of dissolution!
So brighter burns the taper ere it dies.
Yet, not unwilling went she from the earth,

or, while death's weapon quiver'd in her heart,
 With more than earthly melody inspir'd,
 he sang:—"Though mortal paleness fades my cheek,
 Health blooms within my soul."—So sings the swan,
 dying most tuneful, her sad elegy.*
 and when, uncag'd, her soul was flown away,
 till did she look like sleeping Innocence.
 here might you see, on her cold lips, a smile,
 it like two little infant cherubim,
 locking our grief, as envious of her joys.

And where is young Francisco, hopeful youth?
 Who trod the paths of science—Fame in sight.
 our nursling of misfortune, wayward born,
 by hopes betray'd, by disappointments chill'd.
 and was he virtuous? yea, in heart, I think.
 All portraitures, to aid relief, have shades.
 'read lightly on the turf, where sleep the dead.
 Wise is the man, who youthful sallies mends.
 O did Francisco.—Yet this sapling fell!
 For, in his system rooted deep, were seeds
 of shooting poisons, which no art could kill.
 While Age toils on his tedious, painful hour,
 Embrac'd his judgment, and his nerves unstrung,
 Fast Youth and Vigour faint ere yet mid-day?
 O Heaven decrees, and Heaven's decrees are just!
 Death smote him, and he fell!——
 A heart and head, honest and wise, had he.
 To speak of him reform'd, of promise high.
 To wonder that I lov'd the ingenuous youth,

* Sic, ubi fata vocant,——
 ——concinat albus olor.

And mourn him gone, for many a voice is heard:—
Mother of Francisco! where is now thy son?
“Thine only son?”—she silent looks, and sobs!
Not for thy sake, Francisco, but for mine,
I would that thou wert here.

And must I Juliana see no more?
Her virtues were in germ, just to expand,
And give the world a most delightful flower;
When a foul canker gnaw’d the root, and slow
Languishing, it fell, and much the dews bewept.
Her parents’ vernal pride is fallen! blasted
Is their autumnal hope! Not they mourn only.
There is a kindred chord, can thrill at wo,
And thrill it shall, when such as Julia die.

A lovelier maiden than Eliza was,
Ne’er welcom’d life, nor deprecated death.
Tho’ volatile as ether, gentle was she,
As the warm twilight breath in summer eve.
Much feared she dying—doubts weighed down her faith.
“Oh!” she would say, “Is there no hope of life?
“Ah! hope will rise where reason cannot follow!
“To die—my blood creeps cold—never come back!
“O might I come, though thousand ages hence,
“And find my friends, or hear by letter’d mail;
“But never more to see these pleasant scenes;
“Never!—absorbing thought! it turns me dizzy—
“It shrinks me from myself!
“O Death! I feel thee now—adieu! adieu!
“O God, O God of mercy! save my soul!”
Kind solaces can’t blunt one dying pang.
The damps of death o’erspread—the quivering soul

Hath flown—where flown?—mortal, 'tis hid from thee!
Oh, then what sobs, and, hush! that young man's moan:—
“Is she then dead?—then I am lost indeed!”
Even the domestics wept, and frequent told
How very kind she was, and not disdain'd,
To hear their simple wants, and soothe their ills.
She never caus'd a sigh, but by her death!
She, who could banish grief, now causes grief!
But died she not in fear?—so many die;
And not all Christians triumph in that hour.
Weak flesh is frail, and death an awful thought!

PART SECOND.

As the poor ship-boy, Ocean's hardy son,
Long tost on billows of the boisterous deep,
Glees, on return, to reach his native strand;—
So joys the Christian soul, when disembark'd
From Life's tempestuous sea, to greet new friends,
On blest Canaan's shore.—
Or, as the way-worn mussulman, when age
Has crept upon his shoulders, journeying far,
With scrip, and pilgrim-staff, to prostrate low
At Mecca's far-fam'd shrine, arrives at length,
And, pleas'd, looking the world farewell, there dies;—
So, when Life's pilgrimage is trod, each vale
Of low despondency o'erpass'd, surmounted
Each height of difficulty, and long plains
Of discontent track'd through—at last the soul,
With Faith's keen foresight, gladdening, near espies
The amaranth Hill of Zion bound his view,
And bending angels, palm-boughs in their hands,
Welcome him, wearied, to eternal home.

Heedless on small attenuating film,
Which, if not clipp'd, anon will break by tension,
Hang tremblingly, Man, and his future doom;
Yet, tho' each day we see our brothers drop,
Says Life, presumptuous—Our's will never break!

Look yonder crag!—kenless, a gulf beneath.
Blanch'd white with age, tottering, there stands a man,
So slight his foothold, that, I shudder, lest
His very breath itself—topple him over;
And yet, unthinking wretch, he seems unmov'd.
“Take goodly heed, old man!”—Too late—he's gone!
Shrieking, he fell!—And, lo! behind, a youth;
He trusts to nerve and sight—but, boy, beware—
A sudden gust, may, o'er the dread abyss,
Whirl thee aloof, then, eddying, let thee sink!

Man to his long, long home returns, and friends
In sable weeds, walk silent in the streets.
In accents pealing loud each day declares
Death's slightest purposes are firm resolves.
The hall of mirth shall be with cypress hung.
Who, parrying Death, can foil by threat or praise?
Yet, vaunt not, Death!—the soul shall conquer thee!
The soul, ethereal emanation, shall return,
Remould, and reinspire her brother clay,
And take it home, where weariness can rest.

And wherefore loath in quiet grave to sleep,
And leave a world of sufferings, cares and wants?
“But virtue does not suffer!”—Would 'twere truth!
Yet trials are for good—they bruise to heal.
They sublimates the soul that it may rise.

The mind, as the asbestos from the fire,
 Comes from affliction's ordeal more refin'd.
 When prosperous, dependence is forgot.
 Our highest favours we imprint on dew,
 Which, when arisen fortune's sun, vanish;
 Our slightest woes, we etch on adamant,
 Not easily eras'd.—This needs rebuke.
 And what man virtue calls, is kin to vice.

“But virtue suffers.”—Proof of other life;
 Where retributions will remunerate.
 Too prone is man for darling sins to plead,
 His restless conscience lull, and half surmise,
 Unnoted down defaults, or veniable.
 Could wisdom or could virtue come by dower,
 Then were all wise, all good—but self must earn.

Vain man define.—The puppet of a day.
 More humble we, the more of self we know.
 Man was not made for pride! His reason what?
 A glow-worm's twinkle to the full-blaz'd sun,
 Compar'd with His, Whose judgment we arraign;
 In Whose acclaim is eloquent all nature,
 Bearing, indelible, His seal-print deep,
 The death of pride—the impress of a God!
 And if a God—His ministration just:
 And, doubting man, where rests thy bold reply?
 Canst thou engender the big drops of rain,
 Or the small beads of dew, or broad hoar frost?
 Can'st thou arrest the tide, the blast admeasure,
 Fold up the clouds, or bowl the flaming suns?
 Off strip presumption then—prostrate, adore!
 Trials, bereavements, pains, come not unsent.

To the shorn lamb the wind will be attemper'd.
Tho' long delay'd, virtue's reward is sure.

I have faint heart for song, so many gone;
Whom most I wish'd to please! oh! if you knew
The restive nights, the sinking, loitering days,
The mental spasms, the abortive throes of thought,
Which rack the thinking brain, and oft distract;
Willing to meet the warm heart of a friend,
And then those friends not stay to hear his strains—
But jealous of the stranger's colder eye,
Lest he betray the impotence of youth;
— Your breasts would censure light his idle lays.

Short space when interven'd, and I shall sleep,
Oh! dreamless sleep, with many earlier gone.
Near Angelina—for this world too pure;
And fair Maria—whom we long lament;
And young Francisco—gone from earthly wo;
And Juliana—that short living flower;
And gay Eliza—she, who fear'd to die.
Then, objects new will dispossess the old,
And, 'mong a croud of thoughts—not one of me.
I speak of friends, and kindred-blood—few else
Will know I breath'd the common air with them,
Or, little heed, at whither point it blows.

CREATION.

Seraphs while bending round His Throne,
Benign, thus spake the Holy One:—

“NATURE! FROM CHAOS SPRING!”

He said:—and, pois’d in azure skies,
Mantled sublime in gorgeous dyes,
Vast, and astonish’d Worlds arise,
Obsequious to their KING.

Great suns, diurnal kings of light,
Pale crescents, placid queens of night,
Regents dispensing good;
The stars, for princely lustres given,
Irradiant gild the darkling heaven,
Orbs within orbs concentric driven,
By man ill understood.

Dim in the expanse a speck is seen,
OUR GLOBE, attir’d in dun, and green,
Of features strong, and fair;
Buoyant mid the deep profound,
In floods of mazy orbits drown’d,
By complex laws attractive bound,
Sailing the desert air.

Lo! armies of embattled woods,
Mountains spouting molten floods,
And cliffs gigantic spread;

Lo! mammoths stalk of ponderous frame,
Unbroken steeds, hyænas tame,
Myriads without distinctive name,
Kind to kind sexual wed.

Towering waves in deafening crash,
Whirlpools wheel in wildering clash,
Untam'd to mortal hand;
Huge grampusses majestic sail,
Like islands floats the spouting whale
Mermaids to list the pending gale;
Rise, warning to the strand.

The eagle soaring in a cloud,
The swooping curlew piping loud,
On pools the swan serene;
Of kinds innumerable on the spray,
Songsters chant the live-long day,
In madrigal, and roundelay,
To vivify the scene.

Fossils, embowell'd, heave for birth,
Corals gem the sea-lav'd earth,
Mid hydras sinuating;
This outline vast by contrast heighten'd,
The air with twinkling insects brighten'd,
Merest atoms, life-enlighten'd.
The sultry breezes freighting.

Sloping aisles, and tufted hills,
Tumbling cascades, cordial rills,
And fountains overflowing;

Grots pellucid, balmiest bowers,
Where to cool the smiling hours,
On terraces inwrought with flowers,
Perennially reblowing.

And, last, unmatch'd, without relation,
Nose Man, prime lord of this Creation,
And Woman, lord of Man!
This was the World that sprang to light,
From matter lost in thickest night,
Ere Death was born, or Time his flight
To count the years began.

On rolling is the eventful Day,
These Worlds, inflam'd, in wild dismay,
In ruins shall be hurl'd;
The soul, lit with celestial fire,
Enfranchis'd by Creation's size,
Shall rise triumphant from the pyre,
To an UNDYING WORLD!

THE ELFIN HAG.

See ye hideous lightnings glare?
Hear ye rumbling thunders roll?
Mark ye pointing goblins stare?
——Ave Maria! save my soul!

Loud, and louder, now they roar;
Quicker, brighter, now they gleam;
Lo!—a sprite a chalice bore!
——Heard ye that terrific scream?

Ha! I heard—again I hear—
'Tis the wretched cry of wo;
Female cast the accents bear—
Woman cannot be a foe.

Dark the forest, dark the glade,
Loud the furious blast is roaring:
Now the flash devours the shade—
Haste we on, our way exploring.

Needless woes we will not borrow,
Point we to that cry of fear;
Soon the night will dawn the morrow,
Hope the fainting heart shall cheer.

Quere, and response, from brother,
Princes born of regal blood;
Exil'd by a queen step-mother,
To a fiend-enchanted wood.

"Ha!—a shriek of wild affright!
"Nearer, nearer, now it draws!"
'—Save, oh! save me from the night,
'And the rampant tiger's jaws.'

"Spirit! speak if more than human,
"And our drooping spirits stay."—
'—Friends are ye, or foes to woman,
'Help me on my dangerous way!"

Little know we woman's wile,
Less her labyrinthine heart;
Plaintive tears the sense beguile,
Artlessness suspects not art.

Boots not now her looks be told;
Fancy every ugliest feature;
Mind more foul by twenty-fold—
—"Tis Hobgoldo true to nature!

Not yet Morn, serene and young,
Op'd her golden, Orient gates,
And through earth her odours flung;
Nor the deadly storm abates.

To and fro, they wander still,
Groping every devious line;
Down the slope, and up the hill,
Where the briery hedges twine.

Still they seem'd each other guiding,
As, in turn, each judgment weigh'd;
She to them, they her, confiding,
Little weeting she betrayed.

Ho! what will ye, murderous Hag?
Would ye suck untainted blood?
Or, adown yon crazy crag,
Dash them in the hungry flood?

Chance ye would decoy their feet,
To some yawning cavern's womb;
Folding fogs their winding sheet,
Lion's lair their princely tomb?

If thy purpose thus, vile woman!
Ban of heaven and hell assail ye!
Tombless, let thy bones inhuman,
Blanch the rocks, and none bewail ye!

Toward a cave now leads the Hag,
Casualty to them it seem'd;
Bed where slept the bounding stag,
Or relentless bear they deem'd.

Not so:—'twas the Elfin's cell,
Where her prison'd victims lie;
Bound by many a fiendish spell,
Wrought by powerful gramarie.

Rupert, Edgar, are enclos'd;
Lock'd in fast embrace together;
No more wanderers night-expos'd,
While the watch-dogs bay the weather.

Hark!—a death-note rides the gale!
Jeering laughter rocks the air!
Spectres twain my vision sail!
——Rupert! Edgar!—murder'd pair!

“Dry thy blood within thy veins;
“Object of supremest hate!
“Shrink thine heart, and burn thy brains;
“Die by piccemeal—be thy fate!

“Floods of curses drown thee dead,
“Gory Hag of desperate deed!
“Belial take thee to his bed,
“Step-dame to his impish breed!”

Hush!—symphonious harps on high!
Rupert, Edgar, are in glory!—
——Late for them the tears should dry,
Fabled in undying story.

Still they seem'd each other guiding,
As, in turn, each judgment weigh'd;
She to them, they her, confiding,
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Fabled in undying story.

BETTER WALK THAN RIDE.

Sapphics.

Zounds! how much grander for a Human Being,
When he would journey, never to demean him.
Self with a horse, or carriage, but to leg it,
Free from all cumbrance.

Sure 'tis a folly, humble degradation,
For a strong biped, muscular, and nervous,
Tied to a horse's tail, in a creaking coach, to
Drag on dependant.

“But it is quicker—it is less fatiguing.”
True, these are reasons, when the knees are gouty,
Or, one would flee that devil call'd the bailiff,
Or, from the small-pox.

And, let a doctor, or a country parson,
Stride like dividers, spurring like a Sancho,
When one is squirming with the pangs of nature,
Or, with a neck broke.

But for a tourist, sketching what his eyes see;
But for a scholar, musing as he mopes on;
Just as well, better, pleasanter, and safer,
For them to foot it.

That we have two legs, evident to all 'tis,
 Who are not maimed; and if any doubt it,
 Let him his own count, and if he deny it,
 He'll tell a tougher.

Well then, these legs were given us to walk with;
 Nothing more true is to a man of science;
 For all the joints are fitted to their purpose,
 Supple and firm too.

Then never tell me more of fleetest horses,
 Chariots, and tandems;—rather, boots or shoes on,
 Take up your staff, and, free and philosophic,
 Ride on your own feet.

Cease now, Miss Musey, spitting out your Sapphics;
 Go, for I hate ye—preaching 'bout your plodding;
 Give me a coach, and dappled span of spunkies—
 You may ride shanks' mare!

EPIGRAMS.

Tooth-drawing.

First fasten round your tooth a string,
And to the wall fast tie it;
Then I a coal of fire will bring,
And to your nose apply it.

Money.

I'll tell you what it is, my friend,
This life's a kind of journey;
And as our course we onward bend,
Our chief pursuit is money.
And yet—our miser passions show it—
This money all bedevils;
And thus once sung a starving poet:—
“Money's the root of evils!”

A Better One on Money.

The Minister, he often preaches
That money is a curse;
But finds, when holes are in his breeches,
The want of it is worse.

On Ladies wearing muslin pantalets.

In wearing pantalets, you show
Sweet modesty, Miss Nancy:
For sure there needs, when wry winds blow,
Some barrier to the fancy.

To a young Lady, who called the Author éccentric.

To call me eccentric, dear Mary,
From the straight line of reason you venture;
For howe'er in life's circle I vary,
I am always attach'd to the centre.

On a pretty Lady's foot.

I am a youthful Devotee,
To holy subjects given;
For when a lady's foot I see,
My thoughts rise up to Heaven!

Complaint.

Ann, of blue eye, and flaxen hair,
Why look so cold on me?
O look more sweet, or look less fair,
That I may look on thee.

EPITAPHS.

On a Dyer.

Under this green grass turf doth lie
A Man, whose living was to dye.
For moderate gain of worldly pelf,
He'd dye for man or maid himself.
All life to dye hard struggled he,
Yet death he fear'd most bitterly;
And though each day he dyed, they tell,
He never saw or heaven, or hell.
Though odd it seem, less odd than true,
The pangs of death but once he knew;
And then he wish'd he might have tried
His former skill, and living, dyed.

Kind reader, spend a tear or two,
For, if alive, he'd dye for you.

On a Snarl.

I liv'd to die, and found the pleasures few,
I died to live—but, pray, what's that to you?

On a Critic.

Here lies a fat fellow, of study laborious,
Whose genius obtuse, and whose spleen was notorious;
For demolishing temples esteem'd a wise head,
Nearer with his parts could he build a small shed.

Of a Child on her Only Mother.

Mother, farewell!
For though the world might call thee bad;
I cheerful tell,
Thou wast the best I ever had.

On a Lazy Bard,

Bard Doze had written more I think,
If not too lazy to dip ink.

On a Slut.

No change from death need Slutty fear,
For she was dust and ashes here.

On a Sluggard.

So lazy was this son of earth,
His mother lugg'd him ere his birth.

On the Rev. Mr. Tomb.

This Man of God warn'd loud the sinner's doom,
In ghostly words, that issued from the Tomb.

On his Child.

Though ten years old, this child was doom'd,
Ere she was born, to be entomb'd.

On Sterne.

Yorick sleeps here!—of grotesque humour full,
Who, while he made *us* laugh, *himself* was dull.

On a beautiful Lady, who was about to be married.

Dear Shade! thy Lover boasted earthly store,
But Death, his rival, promis'd thee much more.

On my Father.

I mourn a Friend to guide my erring youth,
To honest fame, in thine own path of truth.
Thine was a soul, not narrow'd to a span,
Which scorn'd to do the thing beneath a man.
Wert thou ambitious, or thy Fortune woo'd?
Not to be great, but only to be good.

Sweet peace, my Father!—lov'd by all, and blest,
But most by those, who knew thy virtues best.

THE FLY UPON A COACH-WHEEL.

As rolling on in pompous state,
Young Lorio in his chariot sate,
In clouds of dust the wheels;
Percht on a spoke, a rough-coat Fly,
Eying the clouds that volumn'd high,
His mightiness he feels.

Hid in the dust that spurns the ground,
He cocks his tail to all around,
And looks abroad for praise;—
“Yo ho! my friends!”—he cries aloud,
Peeping his noddle through the cloud,
“See what a dust we raise!”

So the dull Dolt that lolls within,
To wealth alone, and courtiers kin,
Cries:—“Ha! our gallant deed!”
Though but the passive looker-on,—
He boasts the deeds by others done—
“Ourself deserves the meed!”

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Who called the Author unsocial in Company.

You say—"I seldom speak a word,
"When I with pleasure might be heard;
"But while each beau in chit-chat vies,
"Talk only with my roving eyes."

But give thy trembling palm to me,
My thrilling pressure none shall see;
I'll say more in one glance to you,
Than language in a month could do.

I'd rather silent sit all day,
Than talk, and talk, and nothing say;
Or, mark the weather, foul, or fair,
Of which all know, or nothing care.


And then you say I seldom smile,
And use abrupt, laconic style;
And seem abstracted, half asleep,
And others in the vapours steep.

Oh! spare me, courteous Lady, spare,
I cannot lady's censure bear;
But walk with me in twilight gray,
And see what eyes and lips can say.

PSYCHE BATHING.

A VISION.

As down the Paphian marge I stray'd,
In cooling glen of palmy shade;
While zephyrs woo'd in fond dispute,
My coy, coquetish, plaining lute;
While hopping blithe from spray to spray,
Warblings sooth'd the ear of May;
Secluded from the ardent beam,
Which stoop'd to warm the panting stream;
Startled—I saw a Nymph divide
The sparkling texture of the tide.
While timidly she buoyant swims,
The enamoured waters clasp her limbs.
Faintly her bosom'd beauties glow,
And back her dripping tresses flow.
The rushes, and the banks unite
To veil the eye's too curious sight.
Now to the mossy brink she draws,
Blushes and starts, yet knows no cause!
Stir but a lark, or bulrush bend,
The tidings to her cheek ascend.
Flush'd o'er my thoughts a guilty hue,
So throb'd my breast, I dar'd not view;
'Twere shameless sacrilege, I fear'd,
Such guardless innocence appear'd.



Yet still mine eyes I fain would turn,
Such melting fires my bosom burn;
Such titillations thrill'd my veins,
Waking such dear, transporting pains.
Now even the conscious breeze alarms,
While she, alert, invests her charms.
Her snowy orbs in fond caresses,
Were shielded by her golden tresses.
I saw her to her shoulder bind
Her robe, then stream it to the wind.
Her sandals on, and cestus now,
And wreath of myrtle round her brow;
Away she hies, with virgin glee,
As matin pure, as zephyr free.

Now, out his bower, arch Cupid sprung,
Whom arrows not his own had stung,
And gaz'd ecstatic o'er her charms;
Then led the Nymph with twining arms,
Amid a balmy shower of kisses,*
Up to his festoon'd couch of blisses.
Where Hymen, Cupid and his Bride,
With rosy bands connubial tied.
While Venus, tears of envy shedding,
Eyed with hate the happy wedding;
Fearing, the while he drown'd in joy,
The world would lose her urchin boy;
But Hymen smil'd his commendation,
And led the Pair to consummation.

* ——— *inère basium.*—Bonnef. Bas. IX.

b.



1

2



